DON TOMAZO,

OR THE

JUVENILE RAMBLES

OF

Thomas Dangerfield

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DON JUAN TENORIO.

TO THE READER.

YOuth has generally its Extravagancies, and they that are seduc'd by the temptations of Pleasures and bad Company in great Cities, will have their times to sow their wild Oates: For *Don Tomazo*'s part he has sow'd his already, and finding it such ill husbandry to deal in that sort of Grain, has resolv'd to give over. And now I have thought it convenient to give the World an account of his

Transgressions, to the end that People, as many have done, may not think him worse than he was, what ever self-interest would have made him. Nor does he expect that any man will henceforth upbraid him for what is past, as being under the Protection of his Sovereigns Pardon, to which all true Subjects ought to give an awful respect and obedience.

Had it not been for the high misdemeanours of *Clavel* we had miss'd a neat and excellent Poem, and the Discovery of a great Mystery of Iniquity. The Cheats and cunning Contrivances of *Gusman* and *Lazarillo de Tormes* have been made *English* out of the *Spanish* Language, as well

well to instruct, as to delight. And the greatest Historians have taken as much pains to recount the Lives of Bad Men, as of the most deserving Subjects of their Pens. Mirrors that do not shew the Deformities, as well as Beauties of a Face, are of little use. In short, all sorts of Men may gather hence, how vain a thing it is, to contend with the Law, and that they must inevitably incur the Misfortune of the Pitcher, by going often to the Well. But the way to amendment is never out of date. St. *Austin* himself had occasion enough to repent the Follies of his Youth. Not that he goes about to excuse his Offences; but this he hopes he may presume to

say, That it was not his custom to put any man in danger of his life, but himself. He only impos'd upon the belief and understandings of others, which being deluded, misguided their Wills. And it is no small Argument, that his being so proper for the designs for which he was call'd out, was half a proof, that his discoveries were true; which perhaps had they not been ill manag'd, might in some measure have made satisfaction for his past Transgressions; nor does he despair, but that some of them may yet take effect. In the mean time, while he lives to shew that *Horace's Quo semel* —— is not always true; Let the Vertuous hence observe, how

how laborious a thing it is to be wicked, and the Vicious learn by his Example to amend.

To the Reader.

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A 4 THE

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Thomas Dangerfield.

THE first Corrupters and Seducers of Youth, especially if active and sprightly, are the whispers and temptations of Pleasure, and that which Boys call *Freedom*, Men *Extravagant Looseness*: Which inclination in forward Striplings being once inflam'd by the inconsiderate severity of Parents, labours with more violence to cast off the yoke of Bondage; so that unwilling to be under the continual awe and terror of the Lash, they rather choose to stand to the favour of Fortune, and the com-

paſſion of the wide world, then the cruel mercy of them that begat 'em. A *Cynical* way of Education, which perhaps many may have learn't from the moroſe Documents of *Solomon's* whipping Proverbs, and ſtill as eagerly proſecute, not obſerving the ill ſucceſs it met with in his own Son. Upon which inſtigations, no ſooner has incens'd Extravagancy reſolv'd to take it's flight, but immediately Vice appears in all her Harlotry attire, and expoſing all the ſplendour of her gaudy allurements, ſo hampers unwary Innocence in the Nooſes of Neceſſity, that not knowing which way to diſingage it ſelf, the Scene quite alters. So that of a ſudden Innocence becomes criminal, before it knows what a crime is, and young offenders incurr the diſpleaſure of the Law, ere they hardly underſtand what the Law forbids. Till at length perceiving what they have done, and not believing themſelves ſafe from the puniſhment of leſſer facts but by committing greater, they abandon themſelves to thoſe unhappy

happy ſtratagems, which becauſe they relieve at preſent, are by them lookt upon as the effect of Fortune's favour and their own prudence; ſo that encourag'd by ſucceſs, they cannot forſake the delightful practice of thoſe Enormities, which maintain the ſweet and tickling pleaſures of riot and debauſhery. So eaſie a thing it is for Parents to beget, ſo difficult a task to hit the true method of Education; for want of which, ſo many lofty Genius's, ſo many active courages, ſo many ſoaring and refined wits, all tender pieces, ready for all the fair impreſſions of vertue, have quite alter d their Bias; ſo many blooming *Expectations* have periſh'd in the deep Abyſſes of miſtaken Conduct, and irregular ſeverity. How near the Subject of this Story was to falling from this fatal Precipice, the enſuing Relation will declare, which, it may be, well believ'd, will prove neither unpleaſing nor unprofitable to the Reader, or rather an incitement to acts of Vertue, when he ſhall obſerve the pains and labours

which extravagance undergoes to support it self in profuse and guilty Luxury.

Don Tomazo (for so he must be call'd, as having put his name into the *Spanish* Garb, to which he was most accustom'd in his Travels) was by birth of English Parents, born in *Essex*, no less famous for pleasure then plenty. His tender years were under the eye and government of his Father, a person of a severe and disobliging austerity. In him perhaps it might be thought paternal *care*, who observing which way the current of his Son's inclinations ran, deem'd it the safest course by violence to stop the stream of his unruly passions. And indeed there was sufficient cause of suspicion, & the Father had a fair prospect of what the future would produce, by the early exercises of his Son's childish Talents. For which reason poor *Don Tomazo* was not onely daily rated and rebuk'd, but frequently and vigorously chastiz'd, and expos'd to

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the rigid lash for every trivial misdemeanour. This surly usage so dismgag'd the frank and generous humour of *Don Tomazo*, which was to have been corrected rather by Lenitives then Corrosives, that he look'd upon his Father as a Master rather then a Parent, and himself to be a Slave rather then a Son. So then for redress of these grievances, there must be a speedy remedy provided, for finding out of which his tender wits were soon employ'd. They argu'd in his brain, that there was no living at home, therefore he must venture abroad, and that if a servitude must be endur'd, it was more easie to be born under the frowns and spurns of Strangers, then of near Relations, where Extravagance had no body to thank but it self for the hardship it suffer'd.

In the midst of these serious Consultations, the Devil and Ill-Luck soon found him out a Meet-help for his purpose; a pure Satanical Privy-Counsellour, even a Servant of his

own Fathers. He was call'd by the name of *Jemmy*, a *Scot* by Nation, Nature and Conditions; Indigent, Cunning and Perfidious: true only to the Son to cheat the Father; perhaps out of a desire to revisit his Houshold Gods, at the expences of a defrauded Master. To this Instrument of *Belzebub*, the young disgusted *Squire* discloses all the Secrets of his Heart, tells him the occasion of his discontents, and his design to throw off the Yoak of Paternal Severity, which since there was no way to do but by Travelling, he was resolv'd to take that course, and therefore requested both his advice and assistance. *Jemmy* listned to this Discourse like a Sow i'th Beans; he applauded his design, magnify'd his Youthful Courage, and by a large Encomium upon the worst of Countries, perswaded the Credulous Stripling to Steer toward the *North-Pole*, to the Land of his Nativity, whither he might be sure of a faithful Guide, and when there, of an Assistant in the midst of Wealthy

and

and generous Relations. This being concluded, they were both ſenſible that it would be very uneaſie Travelling without Horſes; but that care was ſoon over, when *Don Tomazo* call'd to mind that his Father was well ſtor'd with that ſort of Cattle, and being their own Caſuiſts, they eaſily overcame all ſcruples of Conſcience, upon a ſuppoſition that an Heir in a caſe of neceſſity, might anticipate a ſmall pittance of his Inheritance, and that the ſo doing was poſitively no Theft. But then again well knowing that neither Horſe nor Man could Travel upon the Road, without Corporal Food, and that it was in vain to ſwear at an Hoſtler, or to kick a Chamberlain without Money in Breeches; it was farther agreed that the young *Squire* ſhould fly to *London*, there to take up what Money he could among his Father's Correſpondents, and that truſty *Jemmy* upon notice given of his ſucceſs, ſhould preciſely meet him at the Rendezvouz, which was before appointed

at *St. Alban*'s. These blessed beginnings were so fortunately favour'd by the assistance of their friend *Monsieur Satan*, who was loth to lose two such fair Gamesters, that all things being accomplish'd according to their hearts desire, away hastens *Don Tomazo* to *St. Alban*'s, and there meets his punctual Companion with his Fathers two Horses; and so well mounted, the young Master and the young man, Knight-Errant-like, set forward upon their Northern Progress. By the way to make the Journey the more pleasant, *Jemmy*, who was endued with a nimble utterance, and the true faculty of *Scotch* lying, entertain'd his Master with several discourses, and among the rest, told him such extravagant stories of the sweet pleasures, the contentment and plenty which he should meet with at his Fathers stately Mansion, that he had rais'd *Don Tomazo*'s expectations Steeple high. But after some days travel, there befel them a small occasion of delay, which somewhat abated

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the Squires jollity: For it ſo happen'd, that *Jemmy*, already poſſeſſ'd with one Devil, was ſeiz'd with another Devil of an Ague, which enter'd him with that violence, that to exorciſe the robuſtious Spirit, they were forced to lye ſtill for four or five whole days and nights; in which time *Don Tomazo*'s Father had been amply inform'd which way the two Edomites were march'd with the Spoyls of his Purſe and Stable. How fatal this diſcovery might have prov'd to theſe young Practitioners in iniquity may be eaſily conjectur'd, had the Father been eager to follow them. But he being more tender of his credit, as diſdaining the world ſhould know how his grave Experience had been over-reach'd by two raw Whipſters, then to make a noiſe of his loſſes, neglected the purſuit; ſo that upon *Jemmy*'s recovery, the two Knight-Errants ſet forward again, without any diſturbance. But *Jemmy*, as unſound in body as in mind, having ventur'd too ſoon into the ſharp winter air, (for ſuch was the

the ſeaſon of the year which they choſe for their Journey of pleaſure) before they could accompliſh four days travel more, fell into a new diſtemper, to the great grief and ſorrow of *Don Tomazo*, who had then no ſmall reaſon to doubt the loſs of his Guide, and pillar of his hopes, as finding himſelf, for the love and friendſhip which he bore to *Jemmy*, now more likely to be expoſ'd then ever to the miſfortunes of unhappy Undertakers, eaſily foreſeen, but ſo not eaſie to be prevented, eſpecially conſidering the great expence he then and ſtill was like to be at. Theſe reflections, and the thoughts of being a ſtranger, without having any Bills of Exchange for future ſupply, among a rude ſort of people that would no longer reſpect him then his money laſted, which was not likely to be long, at the rate of Nurſes and Pothecaries Bills, were ſufficient to have confounded all the cogitations that an unexperienc'd Stripling could muſter together. But Fortune and good Husbandry

dry ſo well agreed to encourage *Don Tomazo* in his firſt Eſſays of *Guſmanry*, that in three weeks time, *Jemmy* not yet mellow enough for the Devil's palate was well recover'd, and able to undertake the remaining part of the Journey. And indeed he had then more reaſon then ever to promiſe a retaliation of that care and kindneſs which his Maſter had ſhewn him in his Sickneſs: nor, to ſay truth, could *Don Tomazo* accuſe him in the leaſt while he was yet in *England*, where he was as laviſh of his acknowledgements as could be expected, and proteſted ſuch works of ſupererogation at home, as if his Fathers Opulent Seat had been the Manſion of Gratitude it ſelf. But the Reader ſhall ſoon find the vaſt difference between *Scotch* Promiſes and *Scotch* Performances.

Well——after a cold and tedious Journey, all weather-beaten as we were, at length we arrived at *Jemmy*'s Father's Palace, lying in the County of

of *Anderdale*, near a Town call'd *Moffat*. When *Don Tomazo* beheld it, he was ſo far from being over-raviſh'd with joy at the ſight, that he took it for ſome inchanted Caſtle, in regard he could not ſee ſo much as one ſtone of all that magnificent Pile, which *Jemmy* all the way upon the road had been building in his fancy. Rather he was more than uſually ſurpriz'd at the humility of the Structure, and the lowlineſs of the Owner. Had he not been a Scot, you would have ſworn him a Turk, regardleſs of his habitation in this world, in expectation of Fools Paradiſe in the next. It was a Hovel, or rather Stie, in length about ſix and thirty foot, not covered Cathedral-like with Lead, nor yet with glittering Copper after the Swediſh manner, but according to the Scotch cuſtome, very meanly thatcht with oaten Reeds; not ſuch as the Arcadian Shepherds pip'd withal, but plain down-right illiterate Straw. The fire was made near the Bed-ſide, at one end, which for want of a Chimney,

wrapt the whole Family, Guests and all, like so many *Ixions*, in a continual cloud of Eye-tormenting smoak. Near to the Bed-side lay the Corn and Hay, which you may be sure was not worth its weight in Gold: and at the other end, without the distinction of Partitions, stood two Sheep, a Cow, and the Squires Horses: So that it may be verily believ'd, that Vertue her self in all her exiles and persecutions never liv'd in such a *Homely Hermitage*: and *Marius*, when he lay hid among the Bulrushes in the Fens of *Minturnus*, might be thought to have lodg'd in a Palace to this ill-favour'd resemblance of *Noah*'s Ark.

So soon as we came to this unfortunate Apartment, the Old man, overtaken with joy not only to see his Son, who had been absent from him several years, but to behold him in an equipage so Gentile, after the English mode, could not forbear bedewing his Cheeks; but when *Jemmy* fell on his Knee to crave his Fathers blessing the

old

old man, who well knew he had none to give, ſtood amaz'd; *What a muckle Deel*, quoth he, *is the Carle wood?* Whereupon *Tomazo* obſerving his aſtoniſhment, acquainted the old Bacon-fac'd *Lown*, that it was the onely cuſtomary way for Children in *England* to acknowledg their reſpect and duty to their Parents, and that *Jemmy* had done it purely out of natural affection, and to ſhew his improvement in Engliſh Behaviour and Education. Thereupon the old man ſeeming to be better ſatisfi'd, condeſcended to the breeding of his Son, and Embrac'd him. Which Ceremonie being ſoon over, he requeſted the Squire to enter his *Polyphemes* Den. But *Don Tomazo* being very hungry, and not finding the place proper for many Complements, came cloſe to the point, and demanded what Proviſion they had in the Houſe? To which they made anſwer, that they had good ſtore of Oatemeal and water, but neither Fleſh nor Fowl, Milk nor Butter, Bread nor Drink; and

which was worſe, that none of theſe Creature-comforts were to be had for money within ſix miles of the place; ſo that poor *Don Tomazo* who had always far'd well at a plentiful Table, began to curſe his man *Jemmy*, who after ſuch mountainous promiſes of a ſplendid Entertainment, and Princely Viands, had betray'd his longing Appetite to ſuch miſerable Commons, hardly worth the acceptance of a Country mouſe. But *Jemmys* Mother, diſcovering diſcontent in *Don Tomazo's* face, and taking pitty of his Youth, or rather for joy of her dear Darlings return, began to comfort up our deſponding Stomachs with the hopes of a notable Banquet. This, after the expence of all her Huſwifery, prov'd to be that ſumptuous Scotch Diſh, called a *Steane-Bannock*, which was a certain Compoſition of Bean, Peas'n, Barly and Oat'n-meal mix'd together with water, and made into the form of a large Cake, and being ſet to the fire againſt a ſtone, and ſo bak'd, was to be eaten with water;

and this without first or second Course was the cream of their entertainment: a strange sort of Philosophical Diet that no way answer'd *Don Tomazo*'s pamper'd Expectations. Supper, if so it might be call'd, being thus soberly dispatch'd at the meer instance of craving hunger, the weary Guests were no less desirous of repose, then they were before of food; to which the old man repli'd, that 'twas the Fashion in that Country for the Family to go to bed all together, and not one before another, and therefore in regard that *Don Tomazo* and his Son had prevail'd with him to be conformable to an English Ceremony, he would constrain them to be conformable to one of his Country Customes. *Don Tomazo* not a little disgusted at his Diet, and like to be worse pleas'd with his Lodging, began to enter into a serious consideration of his forlorn Condition. He found on the one side how miserably he had been frustrated by his man *Jemmy*, whose faus tongue he now began too late

to

to curse; he saw himself in a wild Desert among a sort of Savages, more prone to make him a prey to their cruelty, then afford him relief: which on the other side fill'd his Head full of jealousies and fears, as now misdoubting that his trusty Man *Jemmey* had some further designs rather of mischief then of kindness, as being privy to the small Treasure he had about him. To repent was irksome, to fear, below him. There were no shady Woods for Nightingales to lull him into soft slumbers; no murmuring Rills, to which he might make his sorrowful complaints; no kind Hermites to invite him to their Cells. All his comfort was in Hope, and the Compassion of his Guardian Angel.

In the midst of these Distractions *Don Tomazo* perceiv'd through the thick smoak, which forced those Tears from his Eyes that he ought more willingly to have shed, the two aged Parents, and five Children, of which *Jemmey* was one, preparing for bed;

which made him desire leave that he might sit up by the Fire all night. But that request would by no means be granted him; so that poor *Don Tomazo* was constrain'd to uncloath, and go to bed with the rest. But in that comfortless place he was so far from finding any Sheets, that he scarce found Woollen enough to cover him from the nipping Cold. However, all things considered, the old Man was very friendly; for he laid the distressed *Don Tomazo* by one of his brawny sides, that smelt like Hung-Beef; a kindness more then ordinary; though it fell out to the unspeakable detriment of the sadly tormented Squire; for the warmth of his Body had soon summon'd together multitudes of that creeping Vermin, Lice, the common curse of the Country; which finding the easie penitrableness of the young Squires tender Skin, and the sweetness of his well-nourish'd Blood, fell to their fresh Viands, with such an eager appetite, that the unhappy *Don Tomazo*, incessantly tormented with the continual nippings of those

hungry

hungry Animals, would be often ſtarting up in his Litter to throw off his Shirt, to prevent thoſe villanous Inſects from taking poſſeſſion of the folds of his under Linnen; for which the Old Man as often rebuk'd him. But alas! it was impoſſible for the ſuffering *Don Tomazo* to obey the checks of his ſurly moroſeneſs, while the ſharp-ſet Vermine were ſo buſily employ'd upon his Carkaſs, which it was as natural for the reſt to endure, as it was to ſleep. This reſtleſneſs of *Don Tomazo* at length made the peeviſh Cinque and Quatre angry; ſo that at laſt he began to cry, *Don Tomazo* was a *ſubtle Karle*, and intended to be immodeſt with his Daughter. Whereupon in a grumbling tone he commanded him to ſurceaſe his cunning excuſes and lie ſtill: inſomuch that the afflicted Squire was compell'd to comply with his auſtere Governour, and to ſpend the reſt of the night in wiſhes for the ſlow-pac'd Morning. Which had no ſooner diſplay'd her comfortable Light, but up he riſes, leaving the whole Family aſleep, deſigning to be

gone forthwith, and rather to expose himself to the mercy of the cold Winds, the severe Weather, and the unknown Passages of the rugged Mountains, then to the barbarous kindness of such a savage entertainment for another night. Thereupon, in order to his further progress, he puts on his Boots, and leads forth his Horse; but going behind the House with his Steed in his hand, (for to avoid the trouble of leading, he had left his other Courser at *Jemmey's* disposal, as the reward of his Fathers obligations) here Fortune shew'd him one of her cursed slippery tricks, which had like to have cost him his sweet Life, and put an end to all his disconsolations. For stepping by chance upon certain rotten Boards cover'd with Snow, that lay over a deep Well, the treacherous Boards giving way, in dropt *Don Tomazo*, who had like to have drawn his Horse also after him, had not the Bridle broke. Well it happen'd for the unfortunate Squire, that the Water in the Well was frozen to a considerable thickness, else you might

might have bid *Don Tomazo* good night by the Name of *Nick'las*. But the Ice putting a stop to his farther descent, he receiv'd no more hurt then a slight bruise by the Fall. So odly sometimes bad and good luck can jobble together. However, there he was forc'd to stand in a kind of cold Little-ease, or Lobs-pound, being fall'n much lower then was within his reach to get out again. Now by that he had remain'd there for some time meditating upon his misfortune in Chil-blood, *Jemmey* gets up, and perceiving his Master gone, runs into the Back-side, where he finds the Horse in a cold Trance, wondering what was become of the Grass that us'd to grow in *England*, but could not imagine where *Tomazo* should be. In that amaze he flies about to seek him, but not succeeding in his Search, away he posts to *Moffutt*. In the mean while the Old Man rises, who finding both his Son and *Don Tomazo* absent; yet seeing their Horses, could not conjecture what the *Dee'l* should be become of 'em. He waited, for some hours,

with patience, expecting their return, but neither appearing, away goes he also to draw Drie-foot after both. The Old Man prov'd a cunninger Huntsman then the Son; for he tracing the Foot-steps which he observ'd in the Snow, came directly to the Well, where he found the unfortunate *Don Tomazo*, who espying the Countenance of his supposed Deliverer, invokes his aid, and begs his assistance to help him out of his Winter-Sweating-Tub. But *Don Tomazo* was extreamly deceiv'd in the humour of the Churlish Chuff; for he perceiving his Prey in the Snare, told the shivering Squire that there were more words went to a Bargain: You, *quo he*, would have deflowred my *dear Moggee*, and therefore you shall stay there a while to cool your courage. Nay farther, *quo he*, I am apt to believe, that because I spoil'd your sport, you have taken your revenge upon my Son, and made him away; so that until he be found, you are not like to stir. This was a sad Morning Lecture to poor *Don Tomazo*, who would have given

all

all the Shooes in his Shop for a warm Chimney-corner; but there was no help for no remedy. For the old Villain, full of mischief, leaving him to his Soliloquies, returns to the House, and there consults the Hag his Wife, and his Daughters, as ready as himself to exercise their cruelty upon poor *Tomazo*, well understanding by *Jemmey*'s information, that he had, what they had been but little acquainted with, both Silver and Gold about him: And therefore having fram'd their design, they came to the Well, let down a Rope, and bid *Tomazo* to fasten it about him. To these glad Tydings, as to a Voice from Heaven, *Don Tomazo* cheerfully condescended; so that obeying such welcome Orders, they presently drew him up. But he was no sooner come forth, but the *Old Caitiffe* was as yare for his Cash; who with a grim Aspect threatn'd to stab him with his *Dirk*, a doleful sight *God wott*, if he did not fairly deliver all he had. Thereupon *Don Tomazo* finding himself under the Paws of an unavoidable vio-

lence, put his Hands into a Pocket that contain'd about three Pound in Silver, which the false old Miscreant took. But not so contented, he further told *Tomazo* of the concealment of his Gold, which he must either part with, or with his Life; and with that pull'd him down by main force i'th Snow, menacing nothing less then down-right murder if he did not speedily give it him. *Don Tomazo* did by no means like this bitter Breakfast; loth he was to part with the life of his Enterprize, and it was as sad a thing to think that he should take so much pains to travel into *Scotland* to be buried in a Well. While he was in this peck of troubles, the Wife and Children more merciful, prevail'd with the old Tyrant to spare his Life, but to examine his Cloaths for the Gold, which he soon found; and then fetching forth the despoyl'd *Tomazo*'s Horse, bid him be gone, hoping, in regard the Ground was thick cover'd with Snow, and *Don Tomazo* an absolute Stranger in the Country, that either he might fall into some hole

and

and be ſtary'd, or elſe never be able to give any account of the Place where he had been ſo courteouſly entertain'd. But *Don Tomazo*'s better Fortune ſo guided the Horſe, and the barbariſm of the old Ragamuffin had ſo imprinted all imaginable Obſervations in *Tomazo*'s Memory, that they were never to be forgotten.

In this forlorn condition *Don Tomazo*, having wander'd till ſome time before the next night, and about ten Miles from the Den of his griſly Robber, happen'd to eſpy a ſmall Village, to which he rode with great joy. There the Scene alter'd, and he found ſomething of generoſity in an ancient Gentleman, who was call'd the *Laird of Corheid*, and owner of the Village, to whom *Don Tomazo*, after he had made an Apology for himſelf, gave an account of the Old Mans entertainment. Which being deliver'd by the diſmantled Squire in *Engliſh*, the *Laird* could ſcarce underſtand the meaning of his Story, till by frequent repetition he better

better apprehended the matter, and then gave credit to the Relation; promising *Don Tomazo* withal, that he would use him more kindly. Upon which he bid the empty young Gentleman welcome, and commanded him to be as free as if he were at his Fathers House: Moreover he assur'd the poor disconsolate Traveller, that the next day he would send his Warrant (for he was in Commission of the Peace) for the whole Family, which had been so barbarous to a Stranger, which he perform'd accordingly; so that both the Parents, and all the Children, together with *Jemmey* himself, were brought before him. There they met to their sorrow, their injur'd Guest, who charg'd the Old Man so home, that he could not deny the Fact, especially when being search'd, the joyful *Don Tomazo*'s Gold was found about him. Thereupon the old Rogue, his Son *Jemmey*, and the Daughters, were all pack'd away to Goal.

By

By this time the good *Laird of Corheid*, being truly sensible of the hainous abuses that had been put upon the succourless *Don Tomazo* by this same crew of *Scotch* Monsters, and also possessing a natural tenderness of Heart, took such an affection to *Don Tomazo*, that he requested him to remain in his House, till he could more opportunely dispose of himself. Which kind and seasonable offer *Don Tomazo* was unwilling to refuse, especially finding the temper of that whole Family so truly generous, so that he took the boldness to continue there near upon forty days. During which time he had so won the *Lairds* favour, that he call'd *Don Tomazo* his Son, and was often wont to take him, when he went a visiting, to the Houses of several Persons of Quality, by whom he was so nobly and familiarly treated, that it would be a foul ingratitude not to acknowledge their most obliging generosity.

Now was *Don Tomazo* as it were in a serene Calme after a violent Storm,

living

living at ease and in plenty; he had seen himself reveng'd upon those violators of the Laws of Hospitality; he found his Money all restor'd, and his company acceptable to the chiefest in the Province: Which had inspir'd so much greatness into *Don Tomazo's* Breast, that he, according to the Proverb, *Taking that for his Country where he far'd best*, did not much care to quit his Post. However, considering with himself in the midst of his Delights, that it would be a rudeness beneath the breeding he had shewn, to trespass upon the *Laird's* good Nature beyond reason, he bethought himself that it was high time to take his leave, yet with a promise to return, (for such was the *Laird's* obligation laid upon him, provided he could find no better Quarters.) Whereupon he set forwards, being furnish'd with a Letter of Recommendation to a Person of Quality that liv'd about fifteen *Scotch* Miles from the *Lairds* House, the most part of which way lay over the Mountains. But now behold another jades trick of that fickle

Whore

Whore that Men call *Fortune*. She had for forty days together given the exalted *Don Tomazo* her ſweet Milk, but now ſhe reſolves to kick down the Pail; as if by checquering the accidents of his Travels, ſhe intended betimes to teach him what he was to truſt to, if he rely'd upon the mutability of her humour. For by that time *Don Tomazo* had rode about ſix of the forementionꝰd Miles, from a little Cave between two Rocks out leap'd a Brace of St. *Nicholas Clerks*, who violently ſeizing the Perſon of the Squire, took away not only his Gold and Silver, that had already been in ſo much jeopardy, but alſo his Horſe and Cloaths, ſtripping him to his very Shirt: In lieu of which they gave him a piece of an old *Pladd*, adding withal, that that ſort of Cloathing would make him as perfect a *Scotch* Man as either of them; and thus penyleſs, diſmounted and naked they left him to pilgrim it over the Snowy Mountains, without ſo much as directing him one ſtep of his Way.

You

You may now eaſily conjecture, that this unfortunate Youth had reaſon ſufficient to condole the calamity of his condition. And indeed there was no Perſon of pity that did not highly blame theſe rigorous proceedings of that hare-brain'd Beldame *Fortune*; but ſhe made anſwer for her ſelf, that they could be no true-taught Sons of hers, that were not bred up in the School of Affliction: Experience was not to be learn'd by living at a certain rate of content and plenty: It was the mixture of good and bad luck that was the Miſtreſs of Knowledge. Quo ſhe, this young Guſman will be the better for theſe two Robberies, and this damn'd Walk over the curſed Rocks, as long as he lives. This is the way to try whether he have courage, whether he have patience, whether he have ingenuity. And ſo indeed it happen'd; for though at firſt the ſtrip'd and ranſack'd Cavaleer could not forbear lamenting the raſhneſs of a Journey that had brought him into ſo many almoſt intollerable misfortunes; yet re-

ſuming his natural courage, rather then return in that miſerable condition to the good Laird, (who would moſt certainly have cloath'd and entertain'd him as before) he reſolv'd to march forward, and to try, ſince he had no more to loſe, how he might revenge himſelf by getting ſomething from a People that had taken all from him; a task very difficult to be perform'd among the Sons of Poverty it ſelf, in a Country as barren of Riches as the Mountains that disfigure it. Full of theſe thoughts *Don Tomazo* ſteers his courſe by accident to another Lairds Houſe, whoſe Title was the *Laird of Greyback Borne*; to whom the rifled Squire related his laſt misfortune only, omitting all the former Paſſages, nor owning that he knew any Perſon in the Country, but only that he was travelling to *Edenburgh*, where he was in expectation of meeting with ſome Friends. This Lairds compaſſion was not much inferior to that of his firſt acquaintance; for when *Don Tomazo* had told him his Story, he clad him with a Suit

of

of his Sons Cloaths, civilly entertain'd him all night, and the next morning, after he had directed him the beſt way to *Edenburgh*, gave him alſo three Pounds *Scotch*, which is five Shillings Sterling, to bear his Charges.

From hence *Don Tomazo* walk'd on, till he came to the old Town of *Peebles*, about ten Miles from the laſt Lairds Houſe, and ſtill in the ſame County, where it fell out that he met with the very Perſons that had ſo lately diſcharg'd him of the burthen of his Cloaths and Money; but though he kept 'em company, and drank with 'em, till he had ſpent half his ſmall Stock, their diſguiſes were ſuch as preſerv'd them altogether from his knowledge, till it was too late to proſecute his revenge.

His Tut'reſs *Fortune* had a mind to keep him faſting, on purpoſe to put him upon Tryals of skill. She knew Neceſſity, and the lowneſs of his Pocket, would ſoon conſtrain him to ſummon

ſummon his Wits to a Conſultation for Repleniſhment. Every Fool can put the Sweat of his Tenants in his Pocket; He's the darling of Fortune that carries his Eſtate in his Brains. She never forſakes the bold and daring, O brave Wits! for by their prompt aſſiſtance *Don Tomazo*, now at a deſperate pinch, had call'd to his remembrance a way what to do; not to laze under hedges, not to go whining from door to door, to court penurious Charity; but to cheat the Crafty, out-knave the Knave in grain; to white-waſh *Boatles*, one of which is the ſixth part of a Peny, ſo as to make them paſs currently for a certain *Scotch* piece of Silver, call'd a Forty-peny Piece, which amounts to twenty *Boatles* in Copper. Of theſe Pieces *Don Tomazo*, by the help of ſome Ingredients which he bought at *Peebles*, had got good ſtore, which being by him vended for good, in a weeks time put about five Pounds in his Pocket. And thus you ſee the wide World is no dangerous Sea for one that can ſwim.

With this jolly recruit *Don Tomazo*, now a *Don* indeed, returns to his friend the *Laird of Corheids*, to whom he related the manner of his being rob'd the second time, which the good Gentleman could hardly believe, till *Don Tomazo* had describ'd one of the Persons most exactly well, and the other so near as could be possible. The first happen'd to be one of the Lairds Tenants, who had often seen *Tomazo*, and knew of the Gold and Silver's being restor'd to him at the *Lairds* House. The temptation of which booty prompted him to act a crime, which he had never been guilty of before. But that lame confession serv'd neither his nor his Companions turn; for being both apprehended, they were both sent to Goal, Companions in their punishment, as they had been Associates in the Crime. Which put *Don Tomazo* into some apprehension of his own danger, fearing lest his condition might be the same, should he linger much longer near the Places where he had so lately been

been ſowing his counterfeit Pieces. But Fortune that deſir'd his improvement only, not his ruine, found out a way to deliver him. For about two nights after, as the *Laird* was ſitting by the Fire with his Family, and *Don Tomazo*, there aroſe a diſcourſe concerning the misfortunes of *Don Tomazo*; at which the Laird fell into a rapture of admiration, how miraculouſly Heaven had deliver'd the Unfortunate Stranger; ſaying very devoutly withal, That ſurely Providence had reſerv'd him to be an Inſtrument of ſome great Work or other. And therefore, leſt the noiſe of *Don Tomazo*'s Gold and Silver might prove a Bait for others to deſtroy this precious Inſtrument, he reſolv'd the next morning to go for *Edenburgh*, to look after the proſecution of the Priſoners, and to take *Don Tomazo* along with him, as indeed the Proceedings of Juſtice requir'd. Now the Road to *Edenburgh* lay through a Village call'd *Perkeſſen*, where *Don Tomazo* had been very buſie in vending his Forty-peny Pieces. So that

as he pass'd through the Town, the Person who had exchang'd the greatest part, espying him, ran to stop his Horse; at which the Laird being surpriz'd, demanded of the Fellow, whether he intended to rob him? No, said he, but I want some Money which that Person, pointing to *Tomazo*, cheated me of about five days since. But the *Laird* had too good an opinion of his Son *Don Tomazo*, to give credit to his Story; but rather believ'd that the noise of his Gold being spread over the Country had set the People a gog to be hang'd for it. So that the *Laird*, putting *Don Tomazo* before him, without taking any farther notice of the Villagers complaint, rode on. By which means *Don Tomazo* scap'd a scouring, and got clear to *Edenburgh* with his true Friend the good *Laird*, who carri'd him to one of the Judges to give in his Testimony against the Prisoners; but *Don Tomazo* being under age, could not be admitted as Evidence against them, and so they were all acquitted.

At

At *Edenburgh* *Don Tomazo* accidentally met with certain *Engliſh* Gentlemen, whoſe curioſity had lead them to travel into thoſe Parts. Theſe Gentlemen knew *Don Tomazo*, to whom he related the occaſion of his coming thither, as alſo how he had been treated, as well by the *Laird* in particular, as others: He alſo gave them an account of his misfortunes and deliverances; which as they were Stories pleaſing to the Ear, induc'd them to take *Don Tomazo* for a Companion, and to make the ſame proviſion for him as for themſelves. After which they went with *Don Tomazo* to wait upon the Laird, to give him thanks for the great favours he had ſhewn their Country-man. Which piece of Complaiſance was ſo grateful to the *Laird*, that after he had drank a Bottle or two in the Company, with Tears in his Eyes (for ſuch was his affection to his new Son) he took his leave of *Tomazo* in particular, and then of the reſt of the Gentlemen. Where note, that it

is not for Clowns and Men of ſullen tempers, but for Perſons of accute complyance, and airy behaviour, to be *Guſmans.*

With theſe Gentlemen *Tomazo* travel'd through divers parts of *Scotland*, which prov'd a very pleaſant Journey; in regard thoſe Gentlemen had Letters of Credit to moſt Perſons of Quality in the Country; by whom they were for the moſt part very nobly entertain'd with good Muſick, and other Rarities; nay in ſome Parts their ſplendid Equipage produc'd ſuch credit of it ſelf, without their Letters, that ſome Gentlemen of the Country would ſtand at the back of a Chair, waiting while they ſate at Dinner, uſing no leſs then the Title of Lord to the meaneſt of them, though they endeavoured as much as in them lay to perſwade them to the contrary. Thus having travel'd almoſt through the whole Country, and meeting nothing worthy obſervation, the Gentlemen fac'd about homewards; when coming to a Town call'd *Dunfreize*,

freize, upon the Borders of *England*, they concluded there to reſt for a Week or ſo: in which time they became acquainted with ſeveral of the Inhabitants of the Place, with whom they us'd to drink ſmartly. One day among the reſt, as they were merry at a Tavern, an old Woman came into the Room to beg a Glaſs of Wine; and in particular of *Don Tomazo*; who for that very reaſon refus'd to give her any, unwilling to aſſume a preeminence in the company of Friends to whom he was ſo much beholding. At which the Woman went away, refuſing to take Wine from any other Perſon, but threat'ning *Don Tomazo* with moſt dreadful misfortunes, and an immediate Curſe that ſhould attend him; which the Gentlemen little regarding, drank on to that exceſs, that very few, if one went home ſober.

That night *Don Tomazo* was not in a condition, but the next morning he went to look after his Horſe, which he found in ſuch a poſture as amaz'd him;

for his Body was drawn up in ſuch a ſtrange manner, that his Head and his four Feet were all in a huddle together; beſides this, the colour of his hair was alter'd, and a thick white Foam bedaub'd his Chaps from one ſide to the other. This putting *Don Tomazo* in mind of the Womans threats the night before, made him ſuſpect her for a Witch. Which he found upon enquiry had been the hard opinion of her Neighbours for many years. Upon which information *Don Tomazo*, poſſeſs'd with immediate revenge, or rather to draw blood of her, according as his Nurſe had taught him, went to the old Womans Houſe, where he found her cutting of Wood. So ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, it ſeem'd to *Tomazo*, that the anticknes of her behaviour was ſuch as ſhew'd her jealous of *Tomazo*'s deſign in coming to viſit her, who while ſhe diſcours'd him ſmoothly and calmly enough, waited for nothing but an opportunity to ſurprize her. At length, perceiving ſhe had got a great Stick in her hand that ſhe could

could not eaſily cleave, *Don Tomazo* very officiouſly deſires her to give him the Bill, and to hold one end of the Stick, to which ſhe readily conſenting, *Don Tomazo*, having by ſome diſcourſe or other oblig'd her to look another way, with a home ſtroak cut off one of her Thumbs, and ſo leaving her to curſe and ban him to the Devil, went immediately to the Stable, where he found his Horſe upon his Legs in decent order, and feeding as well as if nothing had ever ail'd him.

This accident of the Witch, if ſuch ſhe were, exalted *Don Tomazo* to a very high pitch; as believing he was, or ſhould be ſome great Hero. For, quo he, *Ulyſſes* was belov'd by a Witch, and *Æneas* was belov'd by a Witch; St. *George* was charm'd by a Witch, and *Don Tomazo* was belov'd by a Witch. So that had he given her Wine, and not cut off her Thumb, who knows what happineſſes had been prepar'd for him. But having cut off her Thumb, ſhe withdrew her affections from him,

and

and was so far from advancing his Fortunes, that she complain'd to the Magistrates of the Town of the loss of her Joynt; for which she accus'd the *English Lad*, as she call'd him. Whereupon the *English Lad* was sent for, and upon a full examination of the matter, committed to Prison. For indeed he own'd the Fact, and upon what occasion he did it, but could not make out by any sort of reason why he should assume the doing of justice to himself. The rest of the Gentlemen offer'd to be his Bail; but nothing would serve but one of *Tomazo*'s Thumbs, which the Magistrate protested should be cut off, and given to the Old Woman to burn before his face. Which rigorous Sentence you may be sure did not a little trouble *Don Tomazo*. But Fortune, who knew he had more occasion for his Thumb then the Old Woman, was for none of those Mosaical Executions, so that what by her assistance, and the Gentlemans industry, a Rope was convey'd to *Don Tomazo*, by means whereof he made his escape

out

out of the Goal, without paying his Fees; and ſo being privately convey'd out of Town to a Place where his Horſe ſtood ready, he receiv'd directions to poſt with all ſpeed to *Carliſle*, and there to ſtay at an Inne appointed, till the Company came to him. Which by the good conduct of Fortune, and with no ſmall hazard he accompliſh'd, being purſu'd almoſt to the Walls of the City. About a week after arriv'd his Companions, who being ſuſpected to have been privy to *Tomazo*'s Eſcape, were detain'd by the Magiſtrate till they had pay'd their ten Crowns apiece to the Poor of the Town, which amounted to a conſiderable Sum, there being five in number.

Theſe Gentlemen being come to *Carliſle*, found there their beloved *Tomazo*, for which they were not a little joyful; their kindneſs to him being nothing inferior to the *Laird of Corheids*.

From *Carliſle* they ſet forward for *London* with all ſpeed; where in a little

little time being ſafely arriv'd, the Company ſeparated, and *Don Tomazo* was left to himſelf; who though ſo near his Parents, was almoſt in as bad a condition as at his firſt entrance into *Scotland*. But neceſſity prompting him to ſome ſerious reſolution, the Story of the Prodigal Son took poſſeſſion of his Pate, and he began to ſtudy how to be reconcil'd to his Father. A kind Office which was ſoon accompliſh'd by the Interceſſion of a particular Favourite of his Fathers, who ſo far prevail'd, that *Tomazo*, after a hearty ſorrow and deep contrition for his Crime, was again admitted into his Fathers favour: both expecting various effects of the paſt Ramble; the Father believing that the Son, now well read in the Lectures of neceſſity, would be more careful how he plung'd himſelf into the ſame Exigencies again; and the Son preſuming, that the Father now knowing what it was to want a living Child, would be more tender of provoking him for the future. In both which Conjectures both were

were miſtaken. As for *Tomazo* (for while he is under his Father's Roof we muſt un-Don him) for about half a year he continu'd very patiently within the bounds of modeſty. But the continu'd auſterity of his Father, together with certain Impreſſions that Love had made in his Heart, ſoon put his diſcontents into an uproar, and quite alter'd that compoſure of mind, which had given ſuch life to their hopes of his becoming a new Creature. The *Don* began to cloſe again with *Tomazo*, and all his paſſions being in a ferment, ſo alarum'd his Father, that he was forc'd to double his Guards. However, notwithſtanding all the Fathers diligence and correction, the Son, having laid aſide all thoughts of reformation, and forgotten all his vows and proteſtations of penitence, betook himſelf ſo far to his former more natural, and conſequently more pleaſing extravagancies; ſo that the Old Man, no longer able to endure the bad Examples which he gave in his Family, one day in the Garden took an occaſion to acquaint

quaint *Tomazo* that he must depart those Walls. This Sentence sounded very harshly in *Tomazo*'s Ears; and therefore duly weighing the misery of an eloignment from his beloved Mistress, a near Neighbour, the great dangers he had escap'd in *Scotland*; his present ease, and the apparent extremities he should be expos'd to by the Casualty of new Travels, he began to intercede with his Father, whose good nature at that time was easily prevail'd with to have some farther patience, provided his Son would keep up to his promises of mortification. But *Tomazo* being engag'd in an Amour with a loving Female, that was the sole and first Mistress of his affections, had not the power to perform his engagements, and therefore found out a ready way to unravel all his Fathers hopes.

This Mistress of his was Daughter to a neighbouring Gentleman, in her thirteenth year, of no great Fortune, more then what Nature and Art in point of Education had accomplish'd her

her withal; which for the moſt part are the chief allurements of Youth, eſpecially ſuch as are not capable of taking a proſpect of their future well-being. Between theſe two Children, as I may ſafely ſay, for *Tomazo* was not then above fourteen years of age, there was an amorous intreague ſo cunningly manag'd, as could hardly be expected from ſuch early Lovers. To which purpoſe the Damſel, who had a Father as ſevere in all particulars as *Tomazo's*, had order'd our meetings in the night; to the end ſhe might ſteal her enjoyments, when the old Gentleman thought her moſt ſecure, that is in *Engliſh*, faſt aſleep. *Tomazo's* condition was the ſame. So that for ſeveral nights they entertain'd each other with all the amorous careſſes that an innocent and harmleſs converſe could afford. But it ſo fell out, that *Tomazo* was unfortunately ſuſpected by his Father, whoſe *Argus* Eyes kept a continual Watch upon him, even to that degree of ſtrictneſs, that nothing would ſerve but that *Tomazo's* Quarters muſt be remov'd to a Chamber, the paſſage to which lay through

through his Fathers. So that it was almoſt impoſſible for *Tomazo* to meet his Miſtreſs that night, as by ſolemn Promiſe, ſacred among Lovers, he had engag'd himſelf to do. But Love, that has more ways to the Wood then one, furniſh'd him with an Expedient; for *Tomazo*, conſidering the vaſt damage it might be to him, to diſappoint a Lady that ventur'd all for his ſake, reſolv'd to make the attempt, though it were through his Fathers Chamber. With this reſolution of a deeply-ſmitten Gallant, up he riſes, puts on his Cloaths, and laying in his place a Periwig and a Block with the face of the Block turn'd to the Wall, and carefully heal'd up for fear of catching cold, he takes a Sheet along with him, and adventures croſs the old Gentlemans Chamber, who being more wakeful then *Tomazo* expected, over-hear'd him, but yet let him alone, well knowing the door to be faſt, and the Keys of all the Houſe to be ſafe by his Bed ſide. *Tomazo* underſtood all that before, and therefore not to put himſelf upon vain and fruitleſs delays, he takes his Napkin and his

ſhort Stick, Utenſils that he had ready fix'd, goes to the Window, and having with much Art, but no noiſe, drawn the Barr, he faſtens his Sheet, lets himſelf down into the Garden, and thence with no leſs ſpeed then joy, repairs to his Miſtreſs, whoſe patience was almoſt tyr'd with waiting for his company, which ſhe had ſcarce enjoy'd above two hours, but break of day-light forc'd them to retire. But before that time, *Tomazo*'s Father, having heard ſomething trip through his Chamber, concluded that it was his gracious Son; but becauſe he was almoſt aſſur'd that he could find no way out of the Houſe, he therefore expected his immediate return, which not being made, the Old Gentleman, miſtruſting ſome treachery in his own Senſe of Hearing, conſulted his Wife. She was of the ſame opinion, that it was impoſſible for *Tomazo* to get out of the Houſe, and therefore undertook to perſwade her Huſband, that *Tomazo* was return'd to his Chamber. However, the Old Gentleman, not being ſatisfy'd, gets up, and taking a Candle examins the Bed;

where finding a Head with hair that lay very snug and quiet in a true sleeping posture, he could not imagine but that *Slipstring* was fast in *Morpheus* Chains, who was then indeed in the Fetters of his Mistresses Arms. But Jealousie and Age, being generally such inseparable Companions, it would not out of the Old Gentlemans Pericranium, but that either some Hobgoblin, or some Thief had been visiting the Secrets of his House: and therefore resolving to be farther satisfy'd, once more up he takes the Candle, down Stairs he rumbles, and examines all the Doors; but finding all fast, in a pelting chafe to be put thus to dance about i'th' cold, in his Shirt, up he comes again; when, loe, as he ascended, he spy'd a pittance of the Sheet hanging within the Window, whither he march'd immediately, and observing the posture of the contrivance, concluded there was a Robbery in the case. Thereupon the Old Gentleman calls up his Servants, and bid 'em search the House: who finding all things in due decorum, brought in an absolute

Ignoramus, to the great amazement of the Master and themselves: in which astonishment he returns to his warm Wife, and relates the Story to her. She presently call'd 'em all Fools, and bid 'em call up *Tomazo*, who there was no question to be made would soon unfold the Mystery. Thereupon one of the Maids was sent to wake him; who receiving no answer, began to jog the Block, believing it to have been the drowsy Body of her Masters Son; which she did so rudely, that the Block, turning, the black Physiognomy of the graven Image, star'd her full i'th' Countenance. Which so terrify'd the Maid, that she ran to her Master, crying out, that *Tomazo* was murder'd, for he look'd black i'th face. Upon which the Master and Mistress both rose, and went into *Tomazo*'s Chamber; where, upon a true examination of the whole matter, they discover'd the Plot, and so leaving the wooden Idol in the same posture, as it lay when the Maid first found it, they went to bed in expectation of *Tomazo*'s return; who soon after made his silent entry, and having

rectify'd the disorders of the Window, stole bare-foot through his Fathers Chamber, who heard him well enough, into his own, and with much inward satisfaction for the purloyn'd pleasures he had had, went to supply his broken rest, not dreaming he was discover'd, in regard he found all things as he left them. But woe is me, before *Tomazo* was well settl'd in his repose, the Father, no longer able to conceal his passion, came to correct the amorous Night-walker. *Tomazo*, by the cloud upon his Fathers Brows, perceiving the Storm coming, pleaded hard for mercy, beseeching his Father to consider, that the innocency of his years could not draw him forth to any more then only a merry-making with honest and civil Persons, some of whom he well knew. But that would not qualifie the incens'd Old Gentleman, who at first laid on very smartly; but observing no returns of childish howling, but rather a manly suffering, and passive submission to Paternal Authority, he forbore any farther School-boys chastizement, which he saw was but

thrown away upon one that so little regarded it; and upon *Tomazo*'s further entreaty came to a Capitulation, which produc'd these Articles of Agreement, That the next fault that *Tomazo* did commit, he should be thrust out of doors, never more to see his Fathers face again. This was a doleful Sentence, yet but a Flea-bite to the irresistable commands of Love. An Article with a Father was not to stand in competition with a Promise made to a Mistress. And the Devil would have it, that he had made one to meet her again the night following in the same place. So that, after the mode of Princes, *Tomazo* soon found a flaw i'th Treaty, and was resolv'd to venture a breach, though he lost the reversion of all his Fathers Dominions. Thereupon, being inform'd, that his Father, who look'd upon him as a *Carthaginian* of no faith, was resolv'd to lock him into his Chamber the next night; by way of prevention, Love inspir'd *Tomazo* to go in the day-time and pluck up one of the boards under his own Bed, which gave

him free passage into a Cellar, and so through a Window as before. That done, the hopes of enjoying his Mistress made *Don Tomazo* very pleasant the rest of the day, having made so fair a progress already, which gave his Father no less cause to suspect that he had some notable Stratagem in his Pate that made his Heart so light, and therefore that night he resolv'd to watch *Tomazo*'s motion himself. Which being come and the usual hour having summon'd the Family to bed, *Tomazo* was lock'd into his Room; where, after he had made a seeming preparation to go to bed, he fell to work, and first having remov'd the Board, he let down his Cloaths with a Line, the passage not being otherwise wide enough for his Body; then he descended himself, like an Angel from the Roof of a Play-house, and thinking himself as secure as a Thief in a Mill; but no sooner was he in the Cellar, but at the same moment his Father was in the Room, who immediately seizing the Line, drew back all *Tomazo*'s Cloaths, and left him to meditate in the cold Cellar all

all night in his Shirt, having nothing to keep him warm, but the heat of his desire; a sort of practice of Piety which no way agreed with *Tomazo*'s temper. These disappointments did but serve to height'n *Tomazo*'s Resolutions, whose Fire meeting with reciprocal and equal Flames, burnt with that ardent heat, that the least separation from the Object of his Love, was a gash that wounded to the Heart, not to be endur'd. Love of it self, crafty and subtle enough, is a meer Devil in a young Gusman, lawless as an *Irish Torie*, as impatient as *Ajax*, and as cholerick as *Hector*. So that had not his modesty argu'd hard against it, he had ventur'd, as he was in his Shirt, to shew himself a punctual Lover to a most faithful *Hero*, who had spent all the night in waiting and moaning, and moaning and waiting for her dear *Leander*, till the Tell-tale Sun began to peep into her amorous Sanctuary. At what time, despairing, sighing, and accusing the Infidelity of her young Gallant, she retir'd to her broken rest; while on the other side the Old Gentle-

man came not only to release his languishing Prisner, but also to discharge him without Fees out of his House; according to the Conditions of the Treaty so lately concluded. Which as soon as he was apparel'd was absolutely perform'd, and poor *Peel-Garlick* turn'd adrift into the wide World in a worse condition then when he travel'd for *Scotland*; for then he had the Blessings of Mony, now not a *Boatle* in his Pocket.

It was now high time to consider what course to steer. The last disappointment of his Mistress had so confounded him in his Amours, that he had not the face to appear in his Mistress's sight. He thought it a crime so far beyond forgiveness, that he durst not crave it. And therefore giving her over for lost, (for he was yet but in his Love-primmar, and had not learn'd those Lessons of cajoling tender Damsells, which afterwards he became a Doctor in) he abandon'd all his Amorous Thoughts, and rather chose the retirement of a Hay-cock the remaining part

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of that day, there to condole his Destiny. So soon as it was night, with the Beasts of Prey, to avoid his discovery, he began his Rambles, steering directly for *London*, once more to try his Fathers credit, which prov'd not so hide-bound as the Old Gentleman intended. Who suspecting that *Tomazo* would make bold with it, as he had formerly done, had, by way of prevention, fairly warn'd all his Correspondents not to pay any Money upon his account, without a Warrant under his own hand.

Now was *Tomazo*, with a slender stock of Nine-pence, arriv'd at *England's* Metropolis, where he was hard put to it to find a Lodging. However, he ventur'd couragiously into a publick House, and having refresh'd himself with a moderate Supper, he calls for Pen, Ink and Paper, and then drawing a Letter of his Fathers out of his Pocket, he did most exactly counterfeit the Old Gentlemans Hand, to a Person of his acquaintance, for thirty Pound; who not at all suspecting the Note, but extreamly jealous

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of the Messenger, of whom he had had some former experience, was at a wicked Nonplus what to do about the delivery of the Money. At length, rather then run the risco of disobliging *Tomazo*'s Father, the politick Citizen found out an expedient; which was, that he would send his Servant and the Money with *Tomazo* to his Father, to which *Tomazo* chearfully agreed. So the Money was immediately deliver'd to the Servant, with positive orders not to part with his Treasure to any Person living but *Tomazo*'s Father. With these Cautions the Knight of the burning Pestle and *Tomazo* set forward toward his Fathers forbidden Gates. Upon the way, *Tomazo*, full of invention, often courted his Companion with the Temptation of drink, a Bait that would not take with a zealous Writer of Shorthand, so jealous-pated, that when he came to a House upon the Road, where he had a mind to rest himself, he deliver'd his Charge to the Master of the House to secure it, while he took a nap. *Tomazo* wholly intent upon his Prey,

and watching all opportunities with the vigilance of a Tigre, was not a little troubl'd at this reserv'd wariness of the coy *Purse-bearer*. But such was *Tomazo*'s patience, that he stifl'd all his discontents, and still beheld his Companion with the careless glances of a merry Countenance.

After some hours of slumber and repose, *Tomazo* and his cautious fellow-traveller set forward again; but going over a Heath, they met with several Persons that inform'd them that if they went such a Road, they would be certainly rob'd, as they themselves had been but just before. Which so alarum'd the Cuckow-brain'd Prentice, who was order'd to deliver his Money to none but *Tomazo*'s Father, that to prevent a compulsion to breach of Trust, he examin'd *Tomazo* what private ways there were that led to his Fathers House? Blessed *Mercury* soon inspir'd *Tomazo*, so that he presently call'd to mind a solitary by-way through long Grass and Corn, which prov'd so tiresome, that the careful *Londoner*, to ease himself in some measure of his

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his Burthen, believing he could deal well enough with *Tomazo*, most inauspitiously desir'd *Tomazo* to relieve his weary Arms. *Tomazo* most affectionately embrac'd both the Opportunity and the Bag; so that from that time they carry'd it by turns, to the great but different comfort of each other. About eleven a Clock at night (for so eager was the faithful Trustee to be at his Journeys end) it came to young *Iscariot*'s turn to bear the Sacred Load; who had no sooner lodg'd it next his Heart, but *Judas*'s own Devil possess'd him, and presently taught him a trick, that Monsieur *Blunderbus* should be no more troubl'd with his Burthen. For *Tomazo* passing by a heap of Stones, privately, but with a dextrous slight of hand, takes up a good big Brickbat, and lays the ador'd *Mumman* in its place. Soon after, *Tomazo* being to go over a Bridge, makes a false step, as if he had been near a fall, and drops the Stone into the River. Which the City-Dromedary hearing, demanded what it was? 'Tis the Money, reply'd *Tomazo*; Pox take it,

quo

quo he, let it go and be hang'd, — better let the Money fall, then ſuffer my ſelf to be ſous'd at this time a night. The poor *Seagul* was in ſuch a diſmal conſternation at the news, ſo that his Senſes were juſt packing up their Awls to be gone from a place where they propheſy'd that they ſhould be but very rudely entertain'd by the Paſſion of the Maſter, upon his Boobies return; in ſo much that *Tomazo*, who all the while laugh'd in his ſleeve, would have given ſomething to have had his Picture as he then look'd. In this amazement truſty *Tom-Fool* would have perſwaded *Tomazo* to have put off his Cloaths, and to have gone into the Water to make ſearch for the Money, which *Tomazo*, to avoid all ſuſpition, willingly offer'd to do, but withal told Nickapoop, that it would be but a vain attempt without the help of a Candle. So that he eaſily perſwaded the tame Dottrell, now as ſubmiſſive as a pump'd Bailiff, to ſtay by the Bridge while he went back to certain Houſes about half a mile off to get a Light. In his way, *Tomazo* had recover'd and ſe-

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cur'd his Money, and ſo making forward to the Houſes, call'd up the People, told them the misfortune of young *Nicodemus*, deſir'd their aſſiſtance, and ſent them all, for a company of Fools, to the Bridge, where while they were poking, and groping, and treading a Mortar i'th' Water with their bare feet, *Tomazo* having travers'd his Ground, and taken another Road, had made a fair ſtep in his way back to *London*, leaving *Tom-Tottie* to con the ſhort Leſſon of Experience which he had ſet him. So far *Tomazo* had reaſon to applaud his own Ingenuity. But Fortune would have her turns and her changes, to ſhew him he was yet but a young Guſman, and that there were others ſuperior to him, whoſe Art was not to be learnt by Rules of *Accidence* or *Grammar*, but by a ſuffering Experience. For he had no ſooner ſecur'd himſelf in the City, but he fell into the company of certain Town-Bullies, who carry'd *Tomazo*, to *Speirings* Ordinary, where having eaſily allur'd the young Squire into play, they ſoon redue'd the thirty Pound, for which he had

had taken so much pains, and which he look'd upon as one of the Trophies of his Mercurial Stratagems; to twenty Shillings, to the great grief of *Tomazo*, who, to add to his afflictions, had receiv'd Information that his Father was also in pursuit of him. For the dejected *Counter-scrubber*, perceiving as well by the vain search that the People had made, as by the not returning of *Tomazo*, that the Serpent had been too crafty for him, with a heavy Heart jog'd on to the Old Gentlemans House, and there told the uncomfortable Story, not daring to venture his Masters displeasure, though there were not above two Inches difference in the depth of their understanding, only the Master trusted the Man, and the Man trusted *Tomazo*.

Upon this Alarum *Tomazo* makes down for *Gravesend* with all speed, where he was inform'd, that several Ships lay bound for the *Straights*. Whither *Tomazo* resolv'd to venture, rather then fall again under the Jurisdiction of his Father. There it was that *Tomazo*,

to

to whom *Fortune* was never more kind then when ſhe had empty'd his Pocket, while he was treating with one of the Captains for his Paſſage to *Cadiz*, met with two of the Gentlemen, with whom he had travel'd in *Scotland*, bound in the ſame Ship, for the ſame place. To thoſe Gentlemen, as to his Confidents, he made known his condition, and related all that had befal'n him ſince the time that they parted at *London*. True it is, that the Stories of his Extravagance were not ſo pleaſing to their more ſerious humours; however, for old acquaintance ſake, they promis'd to take ſuch care of *Tomazo*, provided he would be govern'd, that while he continu'd with them, he ſhould want nothing that was convenient for him, (a kindneſs eaſily within their Power, as being the Sons of Perſons of Quality, and Heirs to fair Eſtates;) and thus far *Tomazo* had *Greymolkin*'s luck, ſtill to fall upon his Legs.

While the Ship was under Sail, the two Gentlemen and *Tomazo* had ſeveral Conſultations, how to ſhape their

Travels

Travels after they came aſhoar; in order whereunto it was agreed, that they ſhould travel all *Spain* firſt; and after that ſet Sail for *Egypt*, from whence they would viſit *India*, *China*, *Tartarie*, and ſo through *Muſcovie* and *Germanie* home into *England* again. Full of theſe deſign'd Rambles, they arriv'd at *Cadiz*, from whence they made haſt to *Madrid*, where they had not been above four days, but one of the Gentlemen happen'd to kill a *Spaniſh* Count, which occaſion'd an immediate and diligent enquiry after all Perſons that had been in his company. Thereupon the Gentlemen, upon notice of the ſearch given them by a *Blackamore*-Maid that ſerv'd in the Houſe where they lodg'd, ſtole away afoot through all the by-ways of the Country, ſhaping their Courſe for *Ligorn*, and leaving miſerable *Tomazo* behind, without either Money or Credit, who in two days after was apprehended, and in that bleſs'd condition committed to Goal. There he found ſeveral other *Engliſh* People, whoſe Crimes were only their acquaintance

with the Gentleman that had kill'd the *Gount*; which Gentlemans Name (the ſequel of the Story ſo requiring) is to be henceforward *Don Pedro Perguelio*. But ſuch was the kindneſs of the *Spaniſh* Juſtice, that when the Search was over, all the Pris'ners were brought before the Court, where nothing appearing againſt them, they were all diſcharg'd. Had not *Tomazo* had a wonderful Love for the Light of the Sun, it had been all one for him to have confeſs'd the Fact and been hang'd, as to ſtarve for want of mouldy Cruſts: Such were the violent perſecutions of a hungry Stomack, under which *Tomazo* pin'd and waſted at that time. But, if it had not been for theſe bleſſed *Butts*, of which you ſhall meet with anow, before the Story concludes, poor *Tomazo* had been half worm-eaten by this; but then I ſay, it ſo fell out one day, as *Tomazo* was walking upon the Parade among the Soldiers, for his inclinations were always Martial, a certain *Captain*, whoſe Name was *Don Pedro del Viejo Caſtello*, perceiving *Tomazo*, by his Habit, to be a

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Forreigner, ask'd him his Country; to which *Tomazo* reply'd, of *England*; for which the Captain liking him much the better, perſwaded him to liſt himſelf in his Company, which lay then at *Puerto Ferrara*, promiſing him due payment of his Wages, which came to three halfpence a day; but withal by his deportment giving *Tomazo* to underſtand that there might be ſome hopes of advance, and better uſage for an *Engliſh-man*, then for the riffraff of the Country. The Offer, conſidering the nick of time, was as welcome to *Tomazo*, as Rain to the parch'd Earth, he having been a Stranger to all ſort of Suſtenance for ſome time. So that now being advanc'd on a ſudden from the *Grave*, to be a Gentleman Soldier, he again reſumes his forſak'n Title of *Don*, and marches away in ſtate to his new Quarters at *Puerto Ferrara*. There he liv'd about three quarters of a year, upon his forementiond allowance, and the augmentation of a pound of Bread a day; at the end of which term, the Garriſon was in a moſt violent manner beſieg'd by the

Portugueſes, with whom the Beſieg'd had many Encounters; in one of which the Collonel of *Tomazo*'s Regiment being kill'd, *Don Pedro del Viejo Caſtello* ſucceeded him in the employment: who not forgetting *Don Tomazo* in his advancement, whoſe courage and behaviour had very much won his Heart, took ſuch a ſpecial care of him, that he rais'd his Pay from three half-pence to four pence, and after that, for ſome works of ſuper-arrogation that *Don Tomazo* perform'd, from four pence to eight pence a day. About which time the Beſiegers drew off, leaving all their Trenches in good order, and retreated home for ſome time; which gave the Town both leiſure and opportunity to recruit. During this Calm, the reſt of the Soldiers, who had recover'd their Spirits, envying *Don Tomazo*'s Proſperity, and the great eſteem which his Collonel had for him, enter'd into Cabals and Conſultations among themſelves to contrive his ruine; but finding no ſucceſs in their *Spaniſh* Plots, a Brace of the Conſpirators undertook

to

to attaque him by main force; and in purſuance of their deſign, one evening, at the turning of a Corner, ſet upon him with that violence, that *Don Tomazo* was very ſeverely wounded; but having recover'd himſelf, he drew forth a Piſtol, and ſhot one of his Aſſailors, who ſoon after dy'd of his hurts: and while he was in purſuit of the other, a Corporal came in to his aſſiſtance, who took the other, and ſecur'd him upon the Guard. Nevertheleſs, upon the death of the firſt Aggreſſor, *Don Tomazo* was try'd by a Counſel of War; where, upon a full examination of the Fact, *Don Tomazo* was acquitted with great applauſe, and the other Aſſailant that was taken, both degraded and caſhier'd. This Exploit made *Don Tomazo* more famous then before, and more eſteem'd and redoubted in the Garriſon. So that when the Enemies return'd again, and renew'd their Attacques upon the Town with that fury, that the Inhabitants began to be apprehenſive of the loſs of the Place, ſeveral of the better ſort deliver'd their Jewels to a very

considerable value to the custody of *Don Tomazo*, the better to secure 'em upon the surrender of the Town. Which being no longer, after several rude Assaults, able to hold out, yielded upon honourable Conditions, and so the *Spanish* Garrison march'd forth, and as one of the Number, *Don Tomazo*. Who now possess'd of so fair a Booty, and knowing the danger of Delays, went to his Collonel for a Pass-port. The Collonel, unwilling to part with *Tomazo*, promis'd to advance him to a Commission, and to make his Fortune, provided he would stay in his Service. But *Tomazo*, who had an unknown Fortune within the compass of his Breeches, gave those pressing Arguments for his departure to his Collonel, and pres'd him so home, that at length vanquish'd by Importunity the Collonel granted him his Pass; by vertue of which *Don Tomazo* posted away for *Ligorn*, as fast as his Legs would carry him, and there embarqu'd for *Scanderoon*, whither, he was inform'd, some *English* Gentlemen had taken Shipping about fourteen days

days before, with a resolution to visit *Grand Cairo*. When he came to *Scanderoon*, upon enquiry, by all descriptions he guest them to be the Persons that had left him to his shifts at *Madrid*; which was the reason he was not very sollicitous to follow them. At *Scanderoon* therefore he stay'd, till upon the sale of some of his Jewels to a *Jew* that was bound for *Ligorn*, he was inform'd by his Landlady, an *English-woman*, that that there was an expres come with Orders to apprehend him. For the *Jew* coming to *Ligorn*, presently offers his new Purchase to sale, and, as the Devil and ill luck would have it, to a Merchant nearly related to the very Person from whom *Don Tomazo* had receiv'd them, who had also particular order from his Relation, to seize all such Persons as should expose any such sort of Jewels to sale, of which he had sent a particular description. So that the *Jew* being question'd about the Jewels, informs against his Chapman, and discovers where he was. Thereupon *Don Tomazo* thought it high time to shift

his Quarters, and posts away with all imaginable speed for *Grand Cairo*; where if a Man do but alter his Habit, 'tis impossible to find him out. To which purpose he puts on the disguise of a *Turk*, and in that dress one day met with his old Fellow-Traveller, *Don Pedro Perguelio*, who admir'd to find *Don Tomazo* in such a Mahometan Garb; but being acquainted in few words with the occasion, he receiv'd ample satisfaction; more especially when *Don Tomazo* farther told him, that at that distance from his Country, he could in that Heathenish City command a thousand Pound. Which was at that time no Rodomantado, in regard the Jewels were worth above four times the value. Certainly there can be no greater pleasure in this World, then for one distress'd Gusman to meet another of the same Order flush in the Trophies of successful project; Gusmans being the only relict of the Golden Age that have all things in common; so that if one has it, the rest never want. So that it is but reason that the Purses of Fools should

pay

pay Tribute for the maintenance of such a noble Generosity. *Don Pedro* was upon his last Legs, when the happy accident to meet a Member of the Fraternity so richly laden, made his Heart dance in his Breast without a Violin. On the other side, *Don Tomazo* understood that it had not been so much the ill husbandry of *Don Pedro* which had brought him so low, but a generous Charity to two *English* Gentlemen his Comrades, who dy'd there of the Plague, the Expences of whose Sickness, together with their Funeral Charges, had exhausted him to a very small Remainder. So that as if the two deceased Gentlemen had left *Don Pedro* the Executor of their gratitude, from thence forward *Don Pedro* and *Don Tomazo* enter'd into an inviolable League as well offensive as defensive, in so much that though they were two Bodies, there were the same thoughts and the same mind in both, and an united force now manag'd all their intreagues.

Grand

Grand Cairo is a City famous for its ſituation, and the variety of Pleaſures it affords all Perſons ſo well able to purchaſe 'em as then *Don Tomazo* was; who reſolving to know the difference between three half-pence a day, and the ſplendor of unlimited plenty, concluded with his friend to debarr themſelves of no freedom or recreation which Money could command in the greateſt Mart of the World. But as the Sea it ſelf would dry up, without the continual ſupply of ſwelling Rivers, ſo it was impoſſible for *Tomazo*'s unrepleniſh'd Bag, had it been as deep as *Virgils* Paſſage to Hell, to anſwer the Expectations of a Brace of *Scattergoods*, that thought it would never be ev'ning: till at length their inconſiderate profuſeneſs having reduc'd their lean Bank to the low ebb of not above a hundred and fifty Pounds, Repentance ſtept in, and put them in mind of the calamities of Poverty, a very unſucceſsful remedy to cure the Surfeits of Exceſs, among the pitileſs Adorers of *Mahomet*. Thereupon they began to think of a new Ramble;

Ramble 5. and understanding that there was a Caravan of 800 Passengers ready to depart for *India*, both the *Dons* agree'd to make a part of the Company. But the season of the year for passing the sandy Deserts proving more tempestuous then usually, gave them leisure enough to spend a hundred and twenty Pound out of their low Stock, (for the curses of the credulous *Portugueses* had by this time taken their desir'd effect) so that they perceiving no more then thirty Pound remaining, alter'd both their Resolutions and their Habits, and embarqu'd from *Scanderoon* for *Genoa*, where they continu'd fourteen Months, to the total consumption of all the *Portugal* Booty. Then it was that Necessity put *Don Tomazo* to employ the Talents of his Youth, to which purpose he made Love to a *Genoese Widow*, over whose Affections in a short time he had obtain'd a Conquest, that very fairly answer'd both his own and his Friends Expectations. But having made that Post too warm by debauching the Woman, getting her with Child, and wasting her

her Fortunes, they departed *incognito* in an *English* Man of War, that brought them safe to *Cadiz*. Where they behav'd themselves so well, that the Merchants gave them daily invitations, and were very free in all manner of accommodations. But one day among the rest, *Don Tomazo*, to retaliate the Kindnesses they had both receiv'd, (for true Gusmans never mind Morality) propos'd to his Friend *Don Pedro* a Design, which had it taken effect, would have made them Masters of a new Fortune to the value of above five hunder'd Pound. But it so happen'd, that as they were walking upon the *Beach*, in a deep Consultation about the most compendious and effectual way to proceed in their attempt, not minding their way, they were rambl'd about a League from the Town, where they were overtaken by three *English* Gentlemen, who were in pursuit of eight Land Pirates, for a Robbery and Murder they had committed the night before upon the Person of *Thomas Lucie* Esq; These Gentlemen requested their assistance, which they readily

dily promis'd and joyn'd in the Purſuit. After a chaſe of four hours they found one of the Criminals ſitting upon a Sand-hill, who pretended himſelf half dead. This crafty Devil ſate there as a Decoy, having planted his other ſeven Confederates under the Sand, whence they were all ready to riſe with Piſtols and Stilletto's if occaſion requir'd; as indeed it moſt unfortunately fell out. For the Gentlemen eagerly falling to ſearch and examine the ſingle Pickaroon, he preſently gave the watch-word to the reſt, who preſently riſing from their Ambuſcado, fell upon the Gentlemen, not a little ſurpriz'd at their number, and their Inſtruments of death, with that violent fury, that one of them was kill'd outright, having receiv'd near twenty ſtabs with a Stilletto, and the other two ſo wounded, that they were left for dead. *Tomazo* was ſhot in the Back and Shoulder, and *Don Pedro* prick'd in five or ſix places with a *Spaniſh* Tuck, and both convey'd by the Victors among the great Sand-hills. The other two, who were left for dead, made

made such hideous out-cries, through the extremity of their Pain, that a *Spaniard* fishing not far from the Shoar, came and took them into his Boat. *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* had the good luck to tast of the Free-booters mercy, who very carefully dres'd their Wounds, as if natural instinct had prompted them to be kind to Persons that liv'd upon the spoil as they did; and when they were in a hopeful way of recovery, perswaded them to enter in their Society, and to run the risco of their Fortune: which there was a necessity for the two *Dons* seemingly to condescend to. Nor was it long after the compleating of their Cures, before those Sons of Rapine had cut them out an Employment. For those Miscreants hearing of a parcel of Merchants that were to pass by their Territories, set the two *Dons* to guard a Pass upon the Road to *Madrid*, which was convenient for an Escape if need requir'd, while the Master-Rogues, having met with the unfortunate Merchants, rob'd them of their Goods and Money to

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the value of ſix thouſand Pounds Sterling, of which they gave a reaſonable proportion, according to the juſtice of Thieves one among another; promiſing that the next time they ſhould be both equally concern'd. From thence they made to their Sanctuary among the Sand-hills; a Place which did not afford thoſe delights to the *Engliſh* Gallants that their Hearts panted after when their Pockets were full. Whereupon *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* agreed to make their Eſcape in the night; which an odd accident much facilitated to their advantage. For one night among the reſt, which prov'd darker then ordinary, one of the Pickaroons being upon the Watch, certain flaſhes of combuſtible Meteors appearing among the Sand-hills, ſo terrifi'd the guilty Sentinel, that he awak'd his Companions, who believing the Country was riſen upon 'em, and hearing *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* affirm withal, that they had heard the Voices of ſtrange People, put the villanous crew into ſuch a Conſternation, that for their better

better ſecurity, they concluded to march off ſeveral ways by couples, having appointed a Rendezvous when the danger was over. The two *Dons* keeping together, ſteer'd directly for *Cadiz*, being follow'd by two more of the Gang aloof off. Upon the way they met with two of their old acquaintance in the Town, with whom they preſently agreed to pillage the two Pickaroons that came behind, which they did, leaving them ſorely maim'd and beaten upon the place, and ſo with light Hearts and heavy Purſes continu'd their Journey to *Cadiz*: where being arriv'd, they were entertain'd with great joy by their former Correſpondents. Being thus got together among their Friends, the main diſcourſe of the Company was about two *Engliſh* Gentlemen that had been moſt barbarouſly us'd by eight Thieves, and of two other *Engliſh* Gentlemen that were gone away with the Robbers. Thereupon *Don Tomazo* having firſt made enquiry how the Gentlemen did, and underſtanding they were ſafe and well, began to relate the whole

whole Story, confeſſing himſelf and *Don Pedro* to be the two loſt Sheep; and after that gave them an account of the laſt Robbery. Which happen'd not a little to their diſadvantage; for one of the Merchants that had been rob'd being then in company, ſpar'd not to bellow forth his Loſſes and his Uſage; inſomuch that the two *Dons* being conſcious, that they had about them ſome of the Goods which the Merchant had deſcrib'd, and unwilling to run the riſco of a diſcovery, thought it very conducing to their future ſafety to refund what the Merchant laid claim to, and to put the reſt into the Hands of the Magiſtrates, who promis'd them an ample recompence for their fidelity; but were never ſo good as their words. Which coſt one of the *Spaniſh* Merchants, by way of revenge, a Cornuting; *Don Tomazo* having enter'd into a League of Familiarity with his Wife, to the production of a very comfortable ſubſiſtance for himſelf and his Friend while they continu'd in the Town. At length, perceiving no more good to be done

there, and finding several Ships bound for *England*, they embarqu'd for the Land of their Nativity in one, which by the Masters ill conduct, had the ill fortune to be cast away; so that there had been an end of all the Ships company, and the two young Gusmans had been coffin'd in some Sea-Monsters Belly, had not a *Dutch* Vessel been so kind as to send out their Boat, and save all the Men, whom they carry'd along with them to *Amsterdam*. A Place to which *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* were both absolute Strangers. But finding several *English* there, they told their Tale so smoothly, that they found very compassionate entertainment among their Countrymen. During which leisure time, *Don Tomazo* having made his interest with a Burger's Wife, had soon wheedl'd the Loving Soul out of three hunder'd Guilders, which amounted to near thirty Pound *English*. With this Money the two *Dons* having pick'd up and joyn'd themselves in confederacy with two more *Spaniards* of the same Order, *Philippo de Mexico*, and *Gulielmo Porfeire*,

ſeire, fell to the National Cheat of Coyning; wherein, after they had cut their own Stamps, they were ſo ſucceſsful, that in two months time they had fill'd all *Amſterdam* ſo full of double Stivers, compos'd of three parts Copper, blanch'd with Arſenick, and one Third Silver, that there was hardly any other Money ſtirring among the *Butter-boxes*. By which piece of dangerous Induſtry, they advanc'd their Stock to twelve hunder'd pound Sterling. All which being rightly conſider'd by the four Engineers, they forſook *Amſterdam*, and retir'd with their Bank into *Zeland*. Where they were no ſooner arriv'd, but the twelve hunder'd Pound had ſo inſpir'd them with high thoughts, that then little gains were look'd upon as ridiculous, and nothing would ſerve leſs then ten thouſand Pound apiece. For the raiſing of which Princely Sum there was a general conſultation of all four Heads; wherein it was concluded, that *Doublon* Stamps, *Ducatoon* Stamps, and all ſorts of Stamps for *Spaniſh* Gold ſhould be forthwith prepar'd;

but the Metal could not be fix'd, till near four hundred Pound of the main Stock was embezel'd in Experiments, and neceſſary Expences. But then, Fortune, loth ſuch Men of Art and Induſtry ſhould lye any longer idle, found them out a Compoſition to their Hearts deſire, conſiſting of one Third Copper, artificially tinctur'd with Yellow, one half Third Gold, and half Third Emery, and one Third ſuper-fine Silver. Of which Metal they made about 2000 *l.* according to their modeſt computation, and the Conſcience they us'd in putting them off. Which that they might do with the more facility and ſpeed, they dealt with all Perſons, bought the beſt Commodities, and gave the largeſt Rates. And for the better management of the Affair, every Confederate had his particular employment aſſign'd him. *Philip de Mexico*, and *Gulielmo Porſeire*, were to reſide at *Middleburgh* and prepare the Coyn; *Don Pedro* was the Merchant that bought the Goods, and *Don Tomazo* the Factor, who reſided at *Gaunt*, whither all Commodities were

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ſent, and immediately expos'd to ſale, or tranſported to Places more ſecure. But this Trade laſted not long: For *Philip de Mexico* being a Perſon inclin'd to all ſorts of debauchery, one day gave a certain Female, that had careſs'd him with more then ordinary civilities, one of his counterfeit Pieces, who having a ſudden occaſion for Money, as Women of that Profeſſion are ſeldom Hoarders, carry'd the Piece to exchange for Silver with a Goldſmith, who had forfeited his judgment by being bitten with about 30 Pieces of the ſame nature before. Whoſe revenge exaſperating him to a ſtrict examination of the Woman, ſhe was conſtrain'd to diſcover where ſhe had it; and then to go along with the Officers of the City, and ſhew them *Philip*'s Lodging, who was immedately ſurpriz'd and apprehended with all his Materials and Inſtruments about him, and, without enquiry after farther proof, committed to Priſon. This apparent diſcovery, and the great alarum it gave the whole City, was notice ſufficient for *Don Pedro* and *Gulielmo* to ſhift for

themselves, who made all imaginable haste to *Don Tomazo*, to whom they related the doleful disaster, and the sad tydings of their interrupted Commerce. Thereupon *Don Tomazo* sold off all his Merchandize, and having quarter'd his Companions in a Village near to *Gaunt*, he went himself to *Middleburgh*, with an intention to use all his endeavours to help *Philip* out of the Briars. But by that time he had been twice with *Philip* in the Prison, and had order'd all things ready for his Escape, there came in the middle of the night several of the Officers of the Town to seize *Tomazo*, upon information given to the *Heers* against him by *Philip* himself, who not believing it was in *Don Tomazo*'s power to bring him off, was in hopes, by an ingenious confession, and the conviction of *Don Tomazo*, to save his own Bacon. But his treachery did him no kindness. For he wanted Money, without which there is nothing to be done in that, nor in any other part of the World. On the other side, *Tomazo* had plenty, and with his Golden Showers so mollifi'd the Go-

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lers Daughter, that she not only brought him an Iron Instrument to dig his way through the Wall, a Rope to let himself down, and a Boat to receive him, but accompany'd him her none tender self, leaving Father and Mother for the sweet satisfaction of her fleshly appetite. Being both safe in the Boat, away sail'd *Feliciano* and his *Feliciana* to *Flushing*, and from thence without any Provision put to Sea, where they drave, almost starv'd to death, upon the Wide Ocean, till Fortune threw them at length upon the Coast of *Flanders*; at what time they quitted the Boat, and travel'd the Country by Land, like a Tinker and his Doxey, till they came to *Don Pedro* and *Guilelmo*, to whom *Don Tomazo* gave an account of the kindness *Philip* would have done him in requital of his pains and friendly Intentions. Nor was it long after that we heard of poor *Philips* being transported to the other World in a Caldron of boyling Oyl, according to the Sentence of his Judges; which sort of terrible Execution did not little startle the rest of the

Confederates, yet not ſo as altogether to daunt 'em in the progreſs of their profeſſion. For *Don Tomazo*, *Don Pedro*, *Gulielmo*, and the Goalers kind Daughter, whoſe Name was *Mariana*, removing to *Bruſſels*, they fell again in that Place to their *Zeland* ſport, reſolving to hazard t'other Caldron; where, after they had made a conſiderable quantity of Coyn, they took their ſeveral Stations and Employments of Merchandizing, till all their Pieces were gone. Which good ſucceſs encourag'd them to go on afreſh. But ſo it fell out, that *Mariana*, who had alter'd her Habit, and went for a *Dutch Minheir*, and *Gulielmo*, going one day to Court to buy Horſes of Count *Monterey's* Servants, were ſpy'd by a Perſon of Quality, of whom they had purchas'd other Horſes before, and pay'd him two hunder'd Piſtols of Coyn out of their own Mint. This ſame Perſon was a certain *Count*, who made ſuch a noiſe, that the whole Court was alarum'd, the Parties accus'd were both apprehended, and ſent to eat the Bread of affliction in

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Lobbs-pound; where they endur'd no ſmall torment both of Body and Mind; eſpecially *Mariana*, whoſe misfortune was the greater for want of her dear *Don Tomazo*. But neither were his Love nor his Jealouſie ſo importunate nor ſo vehement at that time, but that he was content rather to truſt the *Spaniard* with his Miſtreſs, then venture his Carcaſs for them, as he had done for *Philip*. A piece of ingratitude which his Conſcience and Self-preſervation were forc'd to diſpenſe with at that time, in regard he was too well known to be their Sollicitor. Which was the reaſon that both the wary *Dons* ſtole privately away for *Dunkirk*, there to attend the Iſſue of *Gulielmo's* and *Mariana's* Impriſonment; who in a ſhort time after were both convicted by their own Confeſſions, and forc'd to evaporate their Souls in boyling Oyl, as *Philip* had done; by an Infernal Torment in this, the better to prepare them for the bituminous Tan-pits of the other World. The news of which helliſh Execution reaching the Ears of the two *Dons* at

Dunkirk, the very thoughts of *Dutch* and *Flemiſh Crucibles* ſo cool'd their courages, that for the future they reſolv'd utterly to abandon the *Melting* Trade. And believing that Time would obliterate the memory of theſe extravagancies, they reſolv'd to employ themſelves in Travel; as they did through moſt Parts of *France*. But returning for *Calice*, with an intention to imbarque for *England*, the boyling Oyl had ſo perfum'd thoſe Parts, that not able to endure the ſcent, they retreated to *Diepe*, from whence they arriv'd ſafe and found at *Rye* in *Suſſex*, where when they came to caſt up their Accounts, they found themſelves reduc'd to 500 *l.* apiece; a ſound Foundation, could they have had the patience to build upon it like either *Suttons* or old *Audleys*.

But they had no skill in Grazing, or Malting, or ſetting up of Brew-houſes, by which they had known as many ruin'd as rais'd. They were for the quick diſpatch: They were for drink and be rich. They look'd upon themſelves like

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two Children of *Israel*, and all the World beside as *Ægyptians*; from whom they thought it no crime to borrow in their necessity. And Gusmans call that Necessity, when they want Fewel to feed the heat of their Prodigality.

The inseparable *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* being thus return'd into their Native Country, like two Sons of *Priam*, *Per varios casus, per tot discrimina Rerum*, made hast to *London*, the Grand Receptacle of all the most refin'd Virtuoso's in Gusmanry, where they made it their business to repair the loss they had sustain'd by the parboyling of their *Spanish* Companions. Nor was it long before they had found out a parcel of Projectors as fit for intreague as themselves, to whom they communicated a certain Conundrum, which they had just coddl'd in their continually working Brains; the sum and shape of which piece of Midwifery was this: That six Persons should lay down 300 *l.* apiece to fit out a Privateer to Sea; a Gudgeon quickly swallow'd

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among Persons that took all for Fish that came to Net. Thereupon there was a Person employ'd to go to *Dunkirk* to buy a Vessel, and to fit and Victual her out to Sea. They that made the Grand-Councel at *London* were to pick up Men, and to have them ready to go aboard, when the Vessel should arrive upon the Coast of *England*; wherein the concording Gusmans were so punctual, (for the Sinews of their War began to waste) that the Men being convey'd away in Boats, the little *Dreadnought* set forward in pursuit of her design, which was no less then the intended Destruction of the whole *Guiney* Trade. See here the difference between a *Spanish* and an *English Gusman*; the one pursuing a poor hungry Plot upon his penurious Masters Bread and Cheese; the other designing to grasp the Riches of the fourth part of the World by the Ruine of a National Commerce.

Thus with a firm belief that they should have ballasted their Ship with Dust-Ore, they hois'd their Sails; but being

being driven by moſt violent Storms upon the Coaſts of *Ireland*, they loſt both their Veſſel and all their Hopes; no other good luck attending that Voyage, but only that of ſaving the Men, which were in number above three hunder'd, who dividing into ſmall Companies for convenience of Travel, took ſeveral ways to ſeek for new employment: by which means the Coaſt of *Guiney* ſcap'd a moſt deſperate ſcowring, and the *African* Company had a very great deliverance. *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro*, ſo lately *Men*, though now but *Mice*, kept ſtill together Companions in miſery, and coming to *Dublin*, by the inſtigation of pure neceſſity, (a thing which the moroſe Law never conſiders) fell to their old Trade, which was to counterfeit *Guineys*, and broad Pieces of Gold. Which after they had done, and carry'd on about two Months, ſome as good and as expert at the ſport as themſelves, not enduring interlopers to their own prejudice, trac'd 'em out, and found their Quarters. Where they gave the *Dons* very courteouſly to under-

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ſtand, that that ſmall City was already too well ſtock'd with Gravers of the Kings Image, and therefore deſir'd the Right Worſhipful Copper-ſmiths to depart, leſt worſe befel them. Upon which kind advice the two *Dons* took ſhipping for *Briſtol*, a Place much more fit for their purpoſe. There, being loth to draw Bills, and break the bulk of their *London* Stock, with a poor inconſiderable Bank of thirty Shillings, of which fifteen were Mill'd, they began again. Thoſe fifteen Mill'd Shillings did the *Two Dons* Knights Service; for being double guilt, and in-laid with Scepters, they march'd off currantly. Upon which Foundation they wrought ſo long with eaſe and little expence, till they had well lin'd their Pockets, were well mounted, and in a good condition to ramble.

From thence, well knowing the danger of ſtaying too long in a place, they rode to *Glocester*. Where after they had made up near three hunder'd and fifty of their own St. *Martins* Ware, they were diſturb'd by an officious Rumor,

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and forc'd to ride the Country. During which Journey of pleasure, in exchange either for good Mony or Commodities, they put out all their illegitimate Pieces to Nurse. After which, like a little running Pestilence, they went to infect the City of *Worcester*. There the Two *Dons* met accidentally with four other Persons of the same profession; who being pursu'd by the Country, were apprehended in their Company. At what time one of the Strangers, to prevent the Fatality of a Search, convey'd under the Table into *Tomazo*'s hands a certain Bag both large and weighty. *Don Tomazo* was with Child to know the Contents, and therefore being got to his Lodging, his dear *Pylades* and he made bold to open the Bag; in which they found six Letters to as many Gentlemen in the neighbouring Counties, a Note of considerable Sum of Money left with an Inn-keeper at *Bridgenorth*, and 220 false Guineys most artificially and elaborately order'd. The Letters they open'd, took Copies, and seal'd up again; having found by the Contents how Affairs stood with

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the Gentlemen to whom they were directed. Thus fortunately provided *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* departed forthwith, and galloping tantivy to *Bridgenorth*, they receiv'd 337 *l.* from the Innkeeper. From thence they took their Rounds to visit the six Gentlemen, who being all Persons of valuable Estates, and fearing to run the bloody hazard of having their spotless Reputations brought upon so dangerous a Stage, upon the delivery of the Letters, and a relation of the misfortune that attended the Persons from whom they came, willingly bled their fifty Pound apiece for an obligation of Secrecy. The Two *Dons* having thus made the best of their Market, left the Gentlemen for that time, and took a Ramble for *Stourbridge*, where being forc'd to continue, by reason of an Accident that befel *Don Tomazo's* Horse, they liv'd to the height of their Estates. During which demorage, *Don Tomazo's* behaviour (always taking among the tender Sex) had infus'd such a passion into the Heart of a Gentlewoman in the Town, who wanted neither Wit nor Caution

Caution to manage her amorous Diversions, that partly out of gratitude, partly for profit, (for he seldom lov'd but for his advantage) partly for pleasure, his friend and he were forc'd to encamp in that Place much longer then they intended, *Don Tomazo* passing for a *German*, and humouring that pretence with broken *English*. All that while *Don Tomazo* lost no time in improving the advantage of his Amours, nor spar'd for any sort of Caresses which he thought were proper to entertain so kind and bountiful a Lady. But that Post growing too hot, through the jealousies and suspitions conceiv'd of *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro*, in regard of the high rate they liv'd at; the two Sparks were forc'd to remove; though not without taking leave of the young Lady; who was so concern'd for the loss of her dear *German*'s society, that the magnetick Vertue of his Embraces had almost engag'd her in a resolution to be the Companion of his Fortunes. But *Don Tomazo* not desiring to travel

with the expensive Molestations and Inconveniences of Female Luggage, diverted her affectionate humour with such powerful Arguments, that at length they parted, though not without some Briny Deluges that overflow'd the sorrowful Ladies Rosie Cheeks. *Don Tomazo* having thus disingag'd himself from the Labyrinths of Love, after a prodigal wast of his Venerial Ammunition, set forward, with his other self *Don Pedro*, for *London*, where they ranted with a profuse pomp and vain-glory for about half a year, till finding their Exchequer grow low, they began to think it time to recruit. Neither was it for such extraordinary high-soaring Gusmans as they to play at ordinary Games; whose prodigality was not to be supply'd by the dipping of Country Squires, or the little Cheats of *high and low Fullums*.

At that time the *French* and *Dutch* were at Daggers drawing; and they understanding that there was a Fleet of *Holland* Merchant-men in the River

ver of *Thames*, very richly laden, to the value of eight hunder'd thouſand Pound, all outward bound, under a Convoy of two Men of War, of 40 Guns apiece, and very well mann'd, concluded upon a deſign to ſurprize theſe Ships and their Convoy, and to make them Prize, by vertue of a *French* Commiſſion, with which they were already furniſh'd. Firſt then in order to this attempt, by their acquaintance with ſome of thoſe Sea-men, who had been fellow-ſufferers with them in their intended Voyage to the Coaſt of *Guiney*, they rais'd a very conſiderable number of Men, which by the leave of the Captains of the *Dutch* Men of War were to be put aboard their Ships, under pretence of being rais'd as Recruits by certain Officers employ'd from *Holland* for that purpoſe. And it ſo happen'd that *Tomazo's* great diligence had found out a parcel of ſuch Sons of Neceſſity, as had not only *Dutch* Commiſſions, but as good a Will to the Deſign as himſelf. Theſe Perſons treated with the afore-

said Captains for the carrying over so many Men for the Service of the States, which the Captains were very willing to undertake for the good of their Country. So that in two days time, the whole Fleet lying at *Gravesend*, the Major part of the Men were sent aboard, in the Habit of new rais'd Men, but all resolute Sea-Tories, and privately well arm'd with Poynyards and Pistols. These were to have been the fatal Instruments of the grand Surprize. For it being the custom at Sea to divide the Ships Company into three parts, that make three Watches, of which one is to be always upon the Deck, it was so laid, that the *English*, in the dead of the Night, after they had secur'd the Powder-Rooms, should run upon the Decks, shut down the Hatches to keep down those that were below, and cut the Throats of all that made resistance above. By which means having got the Command of the Men of War, they might with ease have commanded the Merchant-men, and so have made for the *French* Ports,

where

where their Commiſſions would have born them out.

About two days after the Men were thus diſpos'd of, the pretended *Dutch* Officers ſent down about forty large Trunks, of a prodigious weight, with particular care to put them aboard in the night, for fear of meeting with the Searchers. All which Trunks were fill'd only with Hey and Bricks, to poſſeſs the People with a belief of ſome conſiderable Treaſure, or ſome great quantity of Arms that might be in them, to avoid the ſuſpition of Men whom they ſaw entruſted with ſuch a ponderous Charge.

By this time the Wind ſtood fair, and the *Engliſh* Officers were order'd by the *Dutch Captains* to repair aboard with the reſt of their Men; in order whereunto they went all down to *Graveſend*, where the Officers having ſent their Men aboard, went themſelves aſhoar, and in their company *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro*, the Maſter-

wheels of this confounded piece of Miſchief, under the Notion of Servants to one that paſs'd for a Lieutenant-Collonel. Thus far things went proſperouſly on, and the Gale of Fortune blew as fair, as the Wind then favourable to the Voyage. But the Devil's i' that thing call'd *Fond Love*. Which has made me think that the Poets did ill to couple *Mars* and *Venus* together, conſidering how many brave Martial Deſigns have prov'd abortive through the open-heartedneſs of Amorous Folly. For to the total deſtruction of this *Babel*-like ſtructure of two unwearied Brains, it happen'd that one of the Men who went laſt aboard, and was to have been a private Sentinel, was marryed forſooth to a *Dutch-woman*, who had ſo raviſh'd, or rather infatuated him, upon the Leave-taking Night, that, like the hair-brain'd *Curius*, he could not conceal from his charming *Fulvia* the great Deſign he was going upon. Whereupon the plaguy *Dalilah*, out of a pure affection for her Countrymen, went and diſ-

diſcover'd the grand Plot to the *Dutch* Captains, who were at firſt ſtruck with a ſtrange kind of Terror to ſee themſelves ſo near the brink of danger; but ſoon recollecting themſelves, they kept their diſcovery cloſe, not making it known to any but the Officers of the Ships. After that, having prepar'd all things for a cloſe Fight, they order'd all the *Engliſh* which were above to go under Deck upon pain of death, which they did all but ſome reſolute Fellows, who being over-power'd, were beaten, wounded, and forc'd down. Which petty Conqueſt being thus obtain'd, and the fatal *Sinons* ſecur'd in the Bodies of the two *Trojan Sea-Horſes*, one of the Captains was ſent aſhoar to entreat the *Engliſh* Officers to come aboard, in regard the Fleet was ready to ſet Sail. But thoſe Sons of Guilt and Jealouſie reading ſomething more then ordinary in the *Dutch* Captains face, one of them, with a loud Oath, ſwore, they were all undone, and was making an offer to ſhift for himſelf; but the *Dutch* having rais'd the Town, had ſo beſet the

Houſes, that they were apprehended every Mothers Son, and deliver'd up to the Magiſtrates, with a general Information againſt them of the Crime, and of the Deſign they had in hand, but not a word in the leaſt of the Men which they had ſecur'd in the two Veſſels. The *Dutch* Captains having thus eſcap'd a Danger ten times worſe than that of *Scylla* or *Charybdis*, weigh Anchor, and being ſafe arriv'd at their intended Port, acquaint the Great *Minheirs* what a Whirl-pool they had ſo narrowly miſs'd, and deliver'd up all their Pris'ners to the mercy of the *Hogen Mogens*, who order'd them to be ſent to the *Indies* for eight years, while they that were ſeiz'd at *Graveſend* were diſcharg'd for want of farther proſecution, and ſo return'd to *London*. In which wide Place, neither *Don Tomazo* nor *Don Pedro* durſt ſhew their Heads, as having not only ſpent their own ill-got Bank, but run in debt to defray the Charges, which you may be ſure the Expences of ſuch a Deſign would require. Such is the

Fate

Fate of Guſmanry, ſometimes to abound, and ſometimes to want Bread. In which condition the two reduc'd Projectors were forc'd for a while to ſit and bite upon the Bridle: Till in ſome ſhort time, having rais'd ſo much Money as would pay for their Paſſage to *Harlem* in the *Low-Countries*, they embarqu'd for that Place, where the two *Dons* prevail'd with a certain Merchant to furniſh them with thirty Pound, for the re-payment whereof they drew a Bill upon another Merchant of their own invention and nomination at *London*. Thus ſet up again, they departed for *Amſterdam*, where they poſſeſs'd the *Engliſh* with ſo firm a belief of their being young *Iriſh* Merchants, who had ſuffer'd Shipwrack; that they, compaſſionating their condition, aſſiſted them with Money and credit to the value of a hunder'd Pound. Which good ſucceſs in thoſe two Places made them reſolve to try how high they could build upon this ſame odly begun Foundation of the Worlds opinion. Which is many times

the

the beginning of a Trade that advances ſeveral to vaſt and real Fortunes. In order to this Deſign, away they go to *Rotterdam*, where they found an *Engliſh* Merchant; who being newly crept into the World, ſtruck in with *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro*, who pretended to be of the ſame Profeſſion; and that they would ſend for Goods out of *Ireland* with the next opportunity. Upon which ſcore the *Dutch* Merchant furniſh'd his two new Partners with Wines and other Commodities to the value of 400 *l.* which were preſently ſhip'd off for *Flanders* by the general conſent of all the three.

Into that Country the inſeperable Couple follow'd their Game, and at *Bruges* ſet up their Staff. There, for a ſhort Apprentiſhip ſerv'd their turn, they fell to trade with the Merchants of the City, and barter'd their Commodities very fairly for *Iriſh* Goods, and with good advantage. And which was more, very honeſtly from time

time to time ſent the effects to their Correſpondent at *Rotterdam*; who by that Hocus of juſt dealing was ſo ſatisfy'd with the reality and good intentions of his two *Iriſh* Chapmen, that they continu'd trading together for above a year, in which time he had furniſh'd them with Goods to the value of 3457 *l.* for which the two *Dons* return'd him ſtill moſt punctually Commodities of equal value, to the great content of the *Rotterdamer*, and the great Reputation of the two *Engliſh Guſmans*. Who in this time, by vertue of their Commerce with the Merchants of *Bruges*, and the great entertainment which they gave them, were grown to be as high in the credit of the City-Merchants, as with their Correſpondent at *Rotterdam*, every one courting their Cuſtom, and expreſſing how deeply they would truſt 'em for their farther encouragement.

One would have thought this genteel and gainful way of living, the kindneſs of Strangers, and their own grati-

gratitude, ſhould have oblig'd theſe two *Dons* to have kept within the bounds of Reaſon and common Honeſty. But there is that Letchery in ſome Men to triumph in their frauds, and to be profuſe at the Expences of other Peoples Purſes, that they cannot be contented with other Gains then thoſe that will ſatisfie their Prodigality; and the toyl of keeping Accompts was a labour too tedious to their Mercurial Brains; and therefore they were now for reaping the Harveſt which they ſaw ripe for their Sickle. The Sun ſhin'd, and they muſt make their Hey. The Merchants had fairly promis'd, and they reſolv'd to try how far they would be as good as their words. *Volenti non fit injuria* was a *Matchiavillian* Maxim that very much prevail'd upon their Conſciences, none of the tendereſt at that time. Thereupon they took up ſeveral parcels of Goods to the value of 2000 *l.* or upwards; which being ſhip'd off for *England*, away march'd they after their Prey; and taking *Oſtend*, *Newport*, *Dunkirk*, *Calice*, and indeed all

all the considerable Ports between that and *St. Malo*'s, at the same Places, by vertue of several counterfeit Bills from several Parts, but more particularly from *Rotterdam* and, *Bruges*, they rais'd, all expences born, an additional Stock of ready Money, amounting to one thousand five hunder'd and seven Pounds; with which recruit they bore away to the Port of *Exeter*, where the two *Dons* thought to have found the Ship which carry'd their Goods. But being arriv'd there, they understood by a Merchant concern'd in the same Ship, that the Master and some of the Company had carry'd the Vessel and Goods to *Bayon*, and had there expos'd them to sale. Nor was this all; for the same Merchant, keeping a Correspondence at *Bruges*, and by the intelligence he had receiv'd from thence, concluding *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* to be the two Persons complain'd of for the exploit they had there so lately committed, caus'd them to be both arrested in the Names of his *Flemish* friends, to whom he sent word of the Embargo which he had laid upon their Persons.

The

The *Bruges* Merchants had no ſooner receiv'd the Information, but they ſent over a Perſon to treat with the two young Sparks, who being unwilling to loſe time by lying in Priſon, the worſt place in nature for Men of their Profeſſion, came to a ſeaſonable compoſition, and having to their great grief refunded 1360 *l.* were preſently diſcharg'd. Happily for them; for they were no ſooner gone, but freſh Orders came to the ſame Merchant from ſeveral Perſons out of *France* to detain them upon their accounts. However, the Birds being flown, there was an end of that proſecution. The guilt of the two *Dons* made them wickedly jealous of the diligence that would be us'd to entrap them, and therefore they made all the haſt they could to *London*, where they lay ſtill a while, till they thought the danger over.

This Terror being paſt, the two *Dons* fell to new Conſultations, and finding the ill ſucceſs of Merchandizing, they reſolv'd to ſet up the old trade of Coyning, wherein they were more expert, as being

being more ſuitable to their *Genius's*. In order to the better management of which Affair, like Men of gravity and prudence, they conſulted the Statutes of the Kingdom, by which they found the counterfeiting of *Spaniſh* Gold to be the leaſt dangerous in point of Penalty. And therefore having got their Materials and Confederates, ſuch as broken Goldſmiths and Guilders all in a readineſs, they fell ſo ſeduloufly to their buſineſs, that in fourteen days time they had made as many *Doublons*, and double *Doublons*, as amounted to the value of 3245 *l.* according to the price of their Mint. Part of theſe Pieces *Don Pedro* and *Tomazo* undertook to put off, in the Weſt and Northweſt Parts of *England*. To which purpoſe they took their Progreſs well mounted, genteelly clad, well attended with Servants, beſides the travelling Grandeur of led Horſes. However, they did not always appear in this Splendor, but at certain times, and for colour of ſome great Deſigns; having for Projects

jects of leſſer moment other diſguiſes and pretences. Among the reſt they had an eaſie excuſe for their ſtay at Sea-port Towns, in expectation of Ships from ſeveral Parts: During which demorage, it was no difficult thing to put off thirty or forty of their Pieces, and then remove to another Place: Neither was *Lyme* in *Dorſetſhire* the Scene of one of their meaneſt Exploits.

In that Place liv'd a Merchant nearly related to their Correſpondent at *Rotterdam*, upon whom they had a Deſign of no leſs than three or four hunder'd Pound thick. This Man was a wary Perſon, and one that having been often ſcalded, dreaded the Fire; which made the Enterprize much more difficult; however, the Reſolution of the two *Dons* was ſuch, that they reſolv'd to attempt it, as they did in this manner.

Don

Don Tomazo and *Don Pedro*, with their Servants and Horſes, in great ſplendor, went to *Lime*, where they took up all the chiefeſt Inns of the Town, *Don Tomazo* (and *Don Proteus* himſelf could have done no more) having now Metamorphos'd himſelf into the Shape of a *Spaniſh* Count, to whom he pretended, the King of *England*, and ſeveral of the Nobility, had given ſeveral Horſes, and Liberty to buy more, and to tranſport them at his pleaſure, for the Service of his own Sovereign. In proſecution of which Affair, he had been in the adjacent Counties, and had made ſeveral Purchaſes, which he daily expected in that Town; and was therefore come to make Proviſion of Hay, Corn and Stabling for their Accommodation, till he could have the Conveniency of Shipping them off; inſomuch that the Country People that came thither to Market, were forc'd to ſet their unregarded Beaſts in the Streets, to make room for the *Spaniſh* Count's Horſes. During the *Spaniſh* Count's Continuance at *Lime*, which was about four

days, he ſends for the Merchant upon whom he had fix'd his Deſign; and after he had amus'd him with a Noble Entertainment, entred into a Diſcourſe with him about his Horſes, and how he intended to have them tranſported; deſiring him, either to aſſiſt him with his Advice, or elſe himſelf be pleas'd to hire him ſome Veſſels for that purpoſe. An Employment which the Merchant readily undertook, and to that purpoſe, brought four or five Maſters of Ships to the Count, with whom his Lordſhip ſoon agreed for the Paſſage of his numerous Cavalry. The next day, the Merchant being preſent, the Count received an Account from one of his Servants, who pretended he came from the Horſes, that they were at ſuch a place; but that his Agents had bought more Horſes then they had Money to pay for, and therefore deſir'd the Money might be ſent them. Preſently the Count, calling for his Steward, bid him go, and fetch as many pieces of *Spaniſh* Gold, as would make up the Sum. Which being brought as ſoon, the Count deſir'd the

the Merchant to exchange them for Silver. Which the Merchant undertaking to do, went home, carries the Gold along with him; and ſending for three more of his Friends, they all laid their Heads together, to make tryal of the pieces; which they did by all the uſual ways of Touching, Cutting, Weighing, and the like. But the Mettal was ſo ſuperexcellently temper'd, that they could make no other diſcovery, but that it was abſolutely real; ſo that the Merchant return'd with the full Change in Silver, which the Count immediately deliver'd to one of his Grooms, who carri'd it away. The next day, the former Meſſenger returns again to *Lime*, and tells the Count, that all his Horſes were ſeiz'd, in regard the Country People had conſulted together, and were of Opinion, that the Horſes were to be tranſported contrary to an Act of Parliament, and without the King's leave. At which unexpected news, the Count was ſeemingly ſtrangely allarm'd and ſurpriz'd; and in a Paſſion, as well counterfeited as his *Spaniſh* Gold,

commanded his Groom to make ready his Horſes, pretending to go in perſon to diſpute a buſineſs ſo prejudicial to his grand Affairs. On the other ſide, for the prevention of all diſturbance and delay; and to ſhew, that he came not into *England* upon a Firſt of *April* Day's Errant, being as it were come to himſelf, he deſir'd the Favour of the Merchant, to ride Poſt to *London*, to give the King an account of the Abuſe and Scandal he had ſuffer'd from the Countrey, and to pray His Majeſties Warrant for the Releaſe of his Horſes; and in conſideration of his trouble, allow'd him one of his Servants to wait upon him, and ten Piſtols to bear his Charges, with aſſurance, that at his Return, he ſhould find the Count at *Lime*. The Merchant, as well to oblige a Perſon of ſo much Honour as the *Spaniſh* Count, as to ſerve his Neighbours, who were not a little diſcompos'd at the loſs they ſhould ſuſtain by the Count's being ſo rudely diſappointed, ſet forward with more then good ſpeed to ſolicit for the Count: For upon his Arrival at *London*, the Count's

Count's Gentleman, who had his Private Inſtructions, to prevent the Merchants going to Court, ſent for a Confederate, that well underſtood his Lord's Affairs, who preſently entred an Action of 4000 *l.* againſt the *Spaniſh* Count's Embaſſador, and arreſted him as he was going to *Whitehall*, with a crew of pretended Officers of his own garbling. In this Condition they hurry'd the helpleſs Merchant to Priſon, as they made him believe; but indeed to one of their own Private Haunts, a certain dark Diabolical Cellar, where they ſo roughly entertain'd the terrifi'd Stranger, that to free himſelf out of the Clutches of ſuch a ſurly ſort of *Rake-ſhames*, he was forc'd to draw Bills upon his Correſpondents in ſeveral places; which being receiv'd, and due intelligence given to the Count of all Proceedings, the poor Merchant of *Lime*, who had by this means moulted a good part of his gayeſt Feathers, was diſcharg'd out of Captivity. As for the Count himſelf, and his Retinue, they ſoon quitted that Poſt, and having alter'd their

Habits, and chang'd their Horſes, ranged up farther up into the Country, not deeming the Sea-ports proper to be viſited, while ſuch Exploits as theſe were freſh in Memory. So like are theſe ſort of *Guſmans* to the *Tartars*, who, when they have devoured the Products of one place, remove into freſh Accommodation.

But though they had chang'd their Horſes, they did not alter their Pretence of buying Horſes. To which purpoſe, *Don Tomazo*, now acting the part of a Jocky, rather then a *Spaniſh* Count, made it his buſineſs to ride with a Servant, up and down to Farmers Houſes, having firſt enquir'd the names of ſuch Gentlemen as liv'd neareſt thereabouts, and alſo taken a Proſpect as far as he could of their Qualities, their Honours, and their Conditions.

'Tis well known to be the Cuſtom in many parts of the *Weſt* of *England*, for many Farmers to breed up Horſes of

Fifty,

Fifty, or Sixty Pound a Pair, and ſometimes of greater Value. Such Horſes as theſe, *Don Tomazo* would often cheapen, and ſometimes bargain for; but when the Seller, and the Purchaſer came to the Point, *Don Tomazo* had no Money which was paſſable, nor was it his intent it ſhould be ſo; as knowing well the Humour of thoſe ſort of People, which was to raiſe the Country preſently, to make a thouſand Hubbubs, and put all the World into Noiſe and Uproar; whereas a Gentleman having been ſmitten under the Fifth Rib, will firſt conſider his own Reputation, and hold a private Emparlance with his own Reaſon; of which, ſome are ſo highly conceited, that they would not have the World believe, they could be out-noddl'd, for the half of their Eſtates. They obſerve themſelves to be the great Idols of Wit and Parts, to which the People offer in the High Places of the Countrey; but ſhould it once appear, that their Divinity-ſhips had once been ſubject to the Frailty of having been cully'd and cunny-catch'd

by Mortal *Guſmans*, their Oracles would be no more frequented among the Vulgar, and the ſmiles of the Gentry would expoſe them to the Satyrical Extenſion of the Fore-finger; which was a puniſhment of their unwary Folly, that ſo over-aw'd their conſiderative *Prudences*, that hardly one in twenty ever divulg'd the Tricks that *Don Tomazo* put upon them. And therefore, becauſe they were beſt able to bear the Loſs, moſt ready to put it up, and moſt eaſie to be plaid upon, (as depending upon their own Judgments) in point of Morality, in point of Policy, and to ſave trouble, *Don Tomazo* ſeldom dealt with any other then thoſe of his own Rank, *Gentlemen*.

Having made this Digreſſion, for the better Inſtruction of the Reader, we ſhall clear the foregoing *Axiom* by the following Demonſtration. For as has been already hinted, when *Don Tomazo* had bargain'd with any Farmers, for one or more Horſes, he ſtill told them he had not currant Money to pay for his

his Markets; and therefore desir'd them to send one of their Servants to such a Gentleman's House, where he was certain to be furnish'd with *English* Coyn; delivering himself in such a manner, as if he were most intimately acquainted there. Thereupon the Farmer would presently order a Servant to ride along with their Genteel Chapman, who, by the way, never fail'd to intoxicate the credulous *Bumpkin* with the promise of some Gratuity for his pains; and then to make him perfect in his lesson; which was, to give such a short account of *Don Tomazo*, as he himself directed him. The Fellow being thus prepar'd, and inspir'd with expectation, so soon as they came somewhat near the House, was sent before, to enquire whether the Gentleman were within? A Question which *Don Tomazo* could have resolv'd before; but done on purpose to give the Gentleman opportunity to enquire of the Servant, who the Person was that was coming behind? For then it was, that the Countrey Fellow generally gave his Worship this Answer, That

either

either he was a Perſon of Quality, and of his Maſter's Acquaintance, who had bought Horſes of one that liv'd in ſuch a place; or elſe, that he was a near Relation to his Maſter, who had bought Horſes of another of his Acquaintance: Either of which Pretences ſo formal, and ſo probable, were enough to prevail with a Gentleman always ready to oblige his Neighbours. So that by theſe Artifices, *Don Tomazo* ſeldom fail'd of having his Gold chang'd, or Silver lent upon it, with his promiſe of ſending for it again in ſuch a time. But the Fiſh being caught, *Don Tomazo* had no more buſineſs either with that Farmer or his Servant; and therefore at parting, he only gave the Fellow a ſmall Reward, and bid him tell his Maſter, That he was gone to ſuch a place, quite contrary to that Corner of the Wind, whither he was bound, and would be with him in three or four Hours, in which time he was got out of reach to his next Conveniency. For *Don Tomazo*, and his Brethren, always ſo manag'd their Buſineſs, that they

rode

rode first about the Countrey to inform themselves of every thing material, before they made any attempt; so that when they once began, two or three days put an end to all such Designs as they had in those Parts of the Countrey.

During the time that these Pranks were play'd, the *Lime* Merchant being return'd home, full of Choler and Revenge, had made a strange hurly burly in the Country; but could hear no Tidings of his Count. So that all things being once more still and quiet, *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* resolv'd to take the opportunity of the Calm, and to favour their beloved, the Sea-ports, with a fresh Visit. Among the rest, they arrived at length at a place call'd *Kings-Bridge* in *Devonshire.* There coming in upon a Market Day, *Don Tomazo* found divers Gentlemen, and several of their number, in whose Faces he could read a Chapter fit for his purpose, better then some *Astrologers.* And indeed the Circumstantial Accidents fell

out

out ſo propitiouſly, that they ſeem'd, as it were, to aſſure him of Succeſs. For upon a ſuddain, not only about the Town, but all the Country round, there fell ſo deep a Snow, that neither Horſe nor Man could travail. By which Confederacy of the Seaſon, *Don Tomazo*, and *Don Pedro* came familiarly acquainted with ſeveral of the ſaid Gentlemen, under the notion of Perſons that were newly arriv'd from *Spain*. This happy time of leiſure afforded *Don Tomazo* a kind Opportunity to enter his new Acquaintance into Play, (which is one of the laudable Exerciſes that waſte our time in theſe parts of *Europe*) at which ſport, he gave them leave at firſt to win much of his *Spaniſh* Gold, which ſome of the Gameſters, having been Travellers in that Kingdom, pretended to underſtand, as well as the loſing Stranger, who, to give the better Colour to his Deſign, ſeem'd not a little troub'ed at the loſs of his *Summum Bonum*, the only true Friend to a Traveller. But the fickle Dice, y'faith, ſoon alter'd their Carier, and

ran

ran ſo much on *Don Tomazo*'s ſide, that in a ſhort time he had taken Captive good ſtore of the Gentlemens Coin, who were ſo fond of the Gold, that rather then part with it, they borrowed Money in the Town to pay their Loſſes. But this ſame ſport was too hot to hold; ſo that the Gentlemen weary at length of ill Luck, and tir'd with the Inconveniencies of loſing, as having taken their leaves (beſides the ſatisfaction for *Don Tomazo*'s Gold,) of near a hundred pounds of their own Money, thought it high time to knock off, and return to their ſeveral Habitations.

At their ſeveral Departures, there was one of the Company, that prevail'd with *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* to ride with him Home; where they were not only receiv'd with a moſt hoſpitable Accommodation by the Gentleman at his own, but by him alſo carry'd to a Perſon of Qualitie's Houſe not far off, where they were likewiſe entertain'd with no leſs kindneſs then plenty. But

ſuch

ſuch is the ill nature of *Guſmanry*, that it ſpares neither Friend nor Foe: For of this very Perſon of Quality, who had been ſo civil in his Entertainment, did *Don Tomazo* very gratefully buy two Horſes, for which he paid 147 Piſtolets, and ſent them away by his Servant. This Scene being over, they were in haſte to be gone; and therefore to avoid the ſour Sawce that might happen to ſeaſon the ſweet Viands of their Entertainment, they took their leaves of the Civility of thoſe Places, and ſet forward for *Plimouth*; but giving out that they intended for *London*.

When the two *Dons* came to *Plimouth*, e're they had time to alight, *Don Tomazo* was ſpy'd by a Perſon that knew him, who inform'd him, that his Maſter was in the Town. This News was to *Don Tomazo* like Aloes and Honey, a ſtrange mixture of Sweet and Bitter. For the Gentleman was his acquaintance, but one of the Perſons that had won ſome of his Gold at *Kings-Bridge*.

Bridge; ſo that *Don Tomazo*, ſuſpecting that the Gentleman was come thither to make tryal of his Gold, thought it not proper to ſtay there. Thereupon the two *Dons* turn'd their Horſes Heads; but as they rode by a Goldſmith's Shop, *Don Tomazo*'s counterfeit pieces began to ferment in his Pocket: So that at their Inſtigation, *Don Tomazo* deeming it a foul Shame, that he ſhould come into ſuch a Town as *Plimouth*, and leave no Monument of his Fame behind him, alights at the Goldſmith's Shop, and deſires Silver for as much Gold as amounted to 14 *l.* 10 *s.* 9 *d.* The Goldſmith ſatisfi'd with the Tryal he made, delivers the Silver demanded; and ſo the two *Dons*, having given that great Town a ſmall Taſte of their Ingenuity, ſteer'd directly for the County of *Cornwal*, where they found great Opportunities of Buſineſs, play'd ſeveral Pranks, and among the reſt, this in particular.

Don Tomazo having taken up his Quarters at a Town call'd *Penſanſe*, and

Don

Don Pedro at another call'd St. *Ives*, both Sea-ports; lay there, without taking the leaſt Cognizance of each other. They had been ſuch ſtrangers one to another for ſome Weeks, that the one had not been in the others Company but once, and that, as it were by an Accidental Meeting. So that it was impoſſible for the Country to imagin or ſuſpect any ſuch thing as an Intimacy between them; which was the Foundation upon which many Deſigns were laid, and brought to perfection.

One time among the reſt, it hapn'd, that *Don Tomazo* being at Church upon a Sunday, paying his Devotions to ſomething or other; *Cupid* finding him at a loſs for an Object of his Zeal, fix'd his Eyes upon a very pretty Lady, whoſe Beauty made no ſlight Impreſſion in *Tomazo*'s Heart. The inflam'd Lover, whoſe buſineſs it was, always to uſe the ſwifteſt Expedition in his Affairs, now more violently haſtn'd by his amorous Impatience, returns to his Quarters, and makes all thoſe diligent Enquiries after

after the Lady that Lovers are wont to do; which concluding with such a passionate Joy, that all their Answers satisfi'd his Expectations, the People easily from thence drew their wonted Conjectures, and presently reported, that *Don Tomazo*, who past for the Son of a Person of great Quality in the *North*, was deeply in Love with such a Lady. This Report flew like Lightning, and was presently bandy'd from one Tittle-tattle to another, till it came to the Father's Ear, with all the Embellishments of Multiplication, in reference to the Behaviour and Gallantry of the Enamour'd Esquire. The Father was tickl'd at the Tidings, and as it is the fashion of the Unwary, to look upon distant Prospects with a Magnifying fancy, thought it but an act of Paternal Affection to advance his Daughters Fortune; and the Daughter her self, proud of the Conquest of her Victorious Beauty, already imagin'd her self riding in her Coach and Six Horses, the ador'd Mistress of many Tenants, and the charming Wife of a brisk, bonny,

and wealthy Heir. Thereupon the Justice comes thundring to *Penſanſe*, to take view of his Son-in-Law, and having found him out, took an occaſion to fall into a fitting Diſcourſe with *Don Tomazo*, who had all his Story ſo Geometrically fram'd, and deliver'd it with ſuch a careleſs Exactneſs, without the leaſt Heſitation, that the *Cornish Ghough*, was not only taken with his Perſon and Behaviour, but ſo intoxicated with his Narrative, that he invited him over to his Houſe. *Don Tomazo* kindly accepted his Invitation, and accordingly gave him the Honour of his Company home; where he had leiſure enough to unboſom his Affections to the Young *Iſabella*, the Name by which hence forward ſhe ſhall be known.

Some time after, the Juſtice, his Wife, and his Daughter, went to viſit a Gentleman of their Acquaintance, that liv'd not far from St. *Ives*, who after Dinner, inform'd the Juſtice of a Gentleman that quarter'd at St. *Ives*, that

was

was certainly the best Company that ever he met with; withal, That he was a *Spaniard*, whose Curiosity had brought him thither to view the Country. Upon which rare Character of an intimate Friend, the Justice desir'd he might be sent for, as he was, with all speed. But when he came, the Country Gentleman, who only thought to compleat his Pastime with the mirth of some Comical Droll, was strangely out of Countenance, and in a Surprize, believing his Old Acquaintance had put some Trick upon him. For such was *Don Pedro's* Air and Deportment, that the Justice took him for no less then some Person of High Quality; which was no small trouble to the Justice, to be put out of the road of his Rural Addresses, and Country Complements; and forc'd on a suddain to recollect the Exercises of his Youth at the Dancing-School, for new Congies, and Refin'd Expressions. For indeed, *Don Pedro* might well have past for such a one as the Justice took him to be, in any part of the World. He was a Person so comely,

that few *Spaniards* were like him, very Fair, full Ey'd, with a lovely Head of Long Hair, as black as a Raven's Wing, and a Body moſt curiouſly proportion'd; to which his Graceful Carriage, his affable, ſweet, and complaiſant Humour, his fluencie of Speech, and his Noble Equipage, were ſuch charming Additions, that it was no wonder *Cupid* took his Stand in ſuch a Face, and bent his Bow to kill two Birds with one Stone. I ſay *bent*, becauſe at that time, I believe the God of Love made uſe of a Croſs-bow, in regard of the Croſsneſs of the Shot. In ſhort, the Mother and the Daughter were both ſhot Plumb-dead at the ſame time, inſomuch, that there was no Peace or Quiet in either of their Boſoms, till they had prevail'd with the Juſtice, (who could hardly think his Manſion worthy ſuch a Gueſt) to invite *Don Pedro* to his Houſe. But at laſt, overcome by their Importunity, and his own Ambition, he took the Confidence to give him a Solemn, and Cardinal-like Invitation, which *Don Pedro* readily

dily accepted. You may be ſure, the Entertainment could not chuſe but be ſplendid, where the Maſter conſulted his Honour, the Miſtreſs her deep Affection; and no queſtion but the Daughter ſate up late, and had a Finger in every Pye, and every Tart. Nor was the Female diligence of thoſe two Love-ſhot Ladies, leſs, to dreſs, and trim, and trick and adorn themſelves, with all the Ornaments their Trunks and Cabinets could afford. What Fairs and Chriſtnings ſaw but ſeldom and in Parcels, that *D. Pedro* ſaw at once, and every day diſplay'd; while the Mother ſtrove to renew the Youth of her paſt Beauty, the Daughter to beautifie her preſent Youth.

All this *Don Pedro* contentedly obſerv'd; and as he was extremely acute in his Obſervations, after Dinner, he gave Madam *Iſabella* an occaſion to convey a little Billet into his hand; at what time the Mother took an Opportunity to ſlip another into his Pocket, ignorant of what her Rival Daughter had done. Neither indeed, was *Don*

Pedro aware of the Mothers contrivance. So ambitious they were, which of the two should make the first and deepest Impression in *Don Pedro*'s Heart. The two Ladies having thus disburthen'd their Affections, the one into his Pocket, the other into his Hand; *Don Pedro*, after a powre of Complements and Kindness, took his Leave, and being return'd to his Quarters, drew forth the Billet which he had receiv'd from Mrs. *Isabella*, wherein he read these following Lines.

SIR,

THe first time I saw you, the Idea *of your Perfections, caus'd a violent Passion in my Heart, which having ever since tormented me, pardon the Flame that enforces me to let you know the Wound you have giv'n me. I doubt not, but that a Person of your Quality will be careful to manage this Secret, with that Prudence, as shall be no way to the disadvantage of a person so young and tender, that languishes for your sake.*

Don

Don Pedro was ſo ſtartl'd at the reading theſe ſhort Ejaculations of a wounded Heart, that he wrote a Letter to *Don Tomazo*, and within incloſ'd the *Billet*, deſiring him to conſider, what Deſign would be moſt likely to ſucceed among People that had laid themſelves ſo fairly at the Feet of their mercy, and as it were, put their Lilly white hands into the Lion's Mouth. Withal, he caution'd *Don Tomazo* for the future, to avoid ſuſpicion, to write his Mind, and ſend his Servant with it, to be left in a hole of a certain Rock half way between *Penſanſe* and St. *Ives*, which was afterwards obſerv'd. But when *Don Tomazo* came to read the Billet which *Don Pedro* had inform'd him came from the Juſtices Daughter, he was in a ſtrange Quandary: for he lov'd her himſelf, even beyond the pleaſures of his Profeſſion. He could not imagin the reaſon of his Misfortune, not dreaming the Young Lady had been ſuch an early *May-cherry*, ſo ſoon to allure the Gatherer's Hand; of whom he then himſelf had no other hopes, but

as

as the Paternal Heat of her Father's Care, mellow'd her for his Embraces. Of his Approbation Good Will, and Favour, he thought himself Cock-sure, as well for that they had been more intimate together, as in regard the Deportment, and Natural Parts of *Don Tomazo*, were not much inferiour to those acquir'd Endowments of *Don Pedro*. But while *Don Tomazo*'s thoughts were thus Tennis-ball'd between Love and *Guiniany*, the Lady her self sent him a Cordial, that soon compos'd this Disorder of his Senses. For within two days after, Mrs. *Isabella* finding a convenient Opportunity, and as young and innocent as *Don Tomazo* thought her, willing to have two Strings to her Bow, writ *Don Tomazo* the following Letter in Answer to one of his.

SIR,

YOur immediate Passion surprizes a Person so great a Stranger to things of this nature; and besides, you men (as I have been inform'd by my Mother) are most kind things till your ends are accomplish'd,

pliſh'd, and then as full of ſlights; But if I could be ſatisfi'd of the reality of your affection, it would be more ſerviceable to your Intereſt. But, alas! how ſhall I credit any thing from a man who burns and dyes, Swears, Vows, and Proteſts, and all in one ſingle Minute, quite contrary to the thoughts of his Heart. This from a perſon ſo great a ſtranger, as well to your Self, as to the thing call'd Love, as I am, You may, if you pleaſe, value as a piece of Liberty I allow you, to be what in Yours you expreſs.

This Letter from ſo young and ſo unexpected a piece of Female Treaſon did not a little damp the Amorous *Don Tomazo*'s flame. He ſaw how the ſubtle Traytreſs was only coaxing poor *Tomazo* with the ſhadow, while ſhe was diſpoſing the Subſtance to *Don Pedro*: cunningly providing, that if *Don Pedro* ſhould ſlight her proffer'd fondneſs, then to accept of *Don Tomazo*'s Courtſhip. This double dealing of Mrs. *Iſabella*, though unlook't for, was upon better conſideration, the more welcome to *Don Tomazo*, to ſupport the Morality

Morality of that injuſtice which he intended the Family: which while he was meditating how to bring to paſs, his Servant brought him a Letter from the Rock, with another Billet in the Belly of it. For, by this time, *Don Pedro*'s Servant, after his Maſter had ſhifted his Cloaths, had found the Juſtice, *Seignior Cornudo Elect's* Wives Love-Letter in one of the Pockets; which *Don Tomazo* reading, found theſe violent Expreſſions of an Amorous Fury:

Moſt Fair and Dear to me of all your Sex,

WHoſe Charms no Creature is able to reſiſt; I that have liv'd in the ſtate of Marriage this twenty five years, a juſt and dutiful Wife, and, as I thought, to the beſt of your Sex, am now ſo alter'd in my reſpect to that Thing call'd an Husband, that I hate him for your ſake; for which I would quit all my immediate plenty, to enjoy your dear Company but one hour. Pity the weakneſs of a Woman, and do not ſlight a Paſſion ſo great, that no Breaſt can conceal; and conſider how I break

break the Impalement of a virtuous Life Forty three years long, to come to the Embraces of your self, whom I love above all the World. Let not my Age render me insignificant, but meet me to morrow at the Mount.

Don Tomazo having read this Letter, could not chooſe but laugh, to ſee the infidelity of the Daughter ſo prettily reveng'd by the wantonneſs of the Mother, who was all this while in a fiery torment, like St. *Laurence* upon the Gridiron; believing that if *Don Pedro* had not ſlighted her, he either would have met her, or elſe ſhe ſhould have heard from him.

It ſeems *Don Pedro* knew nothing of this Letter, before his man had found it; and therefore not to loſe his opportunities, having receiv'd ſome private Inſtructions from *Don Tomazo*, he thought it high time to anſwer both his Clients, beginning firſt with Madam *Iſabella*, in this Language.

Fair

Fair Iſabella,

WHen I had perus'd your Little Charm, I found my ſelf under a thouſand Conſtructions: But by the Contents thereof, being truly ſenſible of your great Affections for me, aſſure your ſelf, nothing on Earth ſhall labour more to retaliate thoſe your Favours, nor manage the whole matter with more ſafety to your ſelf then I will. So if you'l but meet me at the Little Rock, I ſhall there expreſs what is now too much to expoſe in written Lines.

Adieu.

After he had wrote this, and was aſſured of *Iſabella*'s coming to the place appointed, Don *Pedro*, apprehenſive that the abſence of the Daughter might raiſe jealouſies in the Mother, and put her upon the ſearch, like *Ceres* after her Daughter *Proſerpine*, to prevent her, ſent her this Julep to qualifie the heat of her Fever.

Dear

Dear Madam,

I Curst my ill Fate a thousand times, for concealing your Billet so long from me: For I never knew of it, till shifting my Apparrel; and then my Valet du Chambre *found it by accident in the same pocket, which I suppose you put it. But the Contents thereof has giv'n me such demonstrable satisfaction of your great and good Inclination to me, that it puts me under no small surprize to qualifie my self for the reception of so much Honour, the least grain of which, as coming from you, I shall more esteem then my Life, and finally make it my study how to embrace you with such a tenderness as may be most proper for a Lady under the circumstances of so great a Passion. And from hence forward to prevent the jealousie of a Husband; let us only meet and not write. For nothing is of more dangerous consequence then Letters of such a nature as this, when once discovered; especially by a man so apt as the Justice. I will meet you to morrow at the same place you appointed, and the same hour.*

Adieu.

At

At the receit of this Letter, the Lady was so transported, that for that day all the Gayety and Pleasure she had ever shown, or enjoy'd in her whole Life, seem'd to be recollected, and rendevouz'd in her Countenance. She thought of nothing but of reinforcing her amorous Heat, that she might be able to meet her Dear Don *Pedro's* Fires, with equal Flames. Her Heart danc'd the *Canaries* in her Bosom for joy that she should so soon be happy in the Embraces of her Beloved *Spaniard*; and the continual meditations of her Brain upon these voluptuous felicities did so employ her thoughts, that her Daughter might have had the opportunity to have lost more *Maidenheads* then *Hercules* got in one night, for any enquiry her Mother made after her. Thus was the Mothers security the Daughters safety, who by this time had lost her troublesome Virginity in those Embraces, to which the other was the next day to resign the Matrimonial Loyalty of many years. So little does the continual sight of a Gold

Thumb-

Thumb-Ring controul the temptations of a wanton Appetite.

Isabella having by this means obtained a full satisfaction from *Don Pedro*, and now become as wise in the Natural Philosophy of Love as her Mother, left her Instructor a thousand sweet kisses in pawn for an assurance of her farther Society, and with the modesty of a Nun, return'd home to laugh in her sleeve at the Cheat she had put upon the vigilance of her Mother, and all her Female Guardians. But before *Don Pedro* and she parted, there was an agreement made, that whenever D. *Pedro* came to the Justices House, it should be under pretence of making Love to her, who had already given him the surest pledge of her affection. For, under that colour D. *Pedro* being now to manage the Intrigue between the Mother and him, where lay the stress both of his and D. *Tomazo's* design, and the prospect of their gain, it was necessary to uphold the amorous correspondence which he and *Isabella* had begun.

And

And now the happy Hour was come, *D. Pedro* and the enamour'd Mother met; and he that had ſo deliciouſly fed the Young Kitlin, was now to *purr* it with *Grey-maulkin* the Elder; whom he entertain'd with ſuch variety of Embraces, that ſhe proteſted, all the Juſtices *Corniſh Huggs* were but Bavin-bands to 'em. Which gave her ſuch an intrinſick Satisfaction, that ſhe enjoyn'd *D. Pedro* to ſtay in thoſe Parts a Month longer; and indeed, till thoſe Quarters were grown almoſt too hot to hold either him or his Company. In order whereunto, ſhe had contriv'd a way for his coming to the Juſtices Houſe. But *D. Pedro* not deeming her way ſo commodious as his own, acquainted the Mother with his Affections to her Daughter; who thereupon approv'd of his Intentions, and having reſolv'd to act conformably to the Deſign; they parted for that time.

Don Pedro being return'd home, wrote a Letter to be left at the Rock for *D. Tomazo*, wherein he gave him

an

an exact account of what had paſt between him and the two Ladies; and farther deſir'd D. *Tomazo* with all ſpeed to get himſelf introduc'd into *Iſabella*'s Company, and to make his Addreſſes to her, wherein he promis'd to be aſſiſting, ſo ſoon as there appear'd any publick Acquaintance between them.

This Letter, D*on Tomazo* read, with great regret, curſing *Pedro*'s happineſs, and his own ill Conduct, not ſo much for the Love he bore the diſſembling *Iſabella*, as for that he had not made the ſame Improvement of his Opportunity that D*on Pedro* had done; but finding it was now D*on Pedro*'s Intention to carry on the Common Advantage, and that the Deſign began to ripen, he eaſily rid his Head of thoſe impertinent Imaginations, and two days after gave a Viſit to the Juſtice, who being at home, entertain'd him with great Reſpect; and among the reſt of the Diſcourſe, knowing D*on Tomazo* was well skill'd in the *Spaniſh* Tongue, inform'd him of a Famous *Spaniſh* Gentleman that was in thoſe Parts, well

worth his Acquaintance. Of which *Don Tomazo* seemingly made slight, telling the Justice, that he was a Young Man, and did not know what Inconveniencies the Knowledge of that Gentleman might produce. But the more *Don Tomazo* slighted it, the more earnest the Justice was to send for *Don Pedro*. So that *Don Tomazo*, unwilling to disoblige the Justice by his Obstinacy, suffer'd himself to be over-rul'd. As soon as *Don Pedro* came, *Don Tomazo* entertain'd him with all the Ceremonies according to the Gravity of *Spain*, and afterwards discours'd him in the *Spanish* Language, which fell out luckily for their Business, in regard that none of the Justices Family understood what they said.

This Interview between the two pretended Strangers, *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro*, first begat a Familiarity, then frequent Meetings; and at length, by the Justices Consent, his House became the General Rendevouz. During which time, *Don Pedro* having had the fre-

frequent ſight and handling of his enamour'd Miſtreſs's Jewels, had got ſuch a perfect *Idea* of the ſhape, form, and bigneſs of the Pearls and Stones, and afterwards drawn them ſo exactly in Paper, that there was no queſtion of the Succeſs of the Deſign. Thereupon *Don Tomazo* diſpatch'd away his Man to *Exeter*, who there bought up ſeveral Pendants of counterfeit Pearl, and *Briſtow*-ſtones, ſo well match'd, that they were hardly to be diſtinguiſh'd from the Originals. Which being brought to *Don Tomazo*, he deliver'd them to *Don Pedro*; who watching his opportunity, which the fond Dotage of *Iſſabella*'s Mother often gave him, by opening her Cabinet, and diſplaying her Wealth, to dazle his Eyes, and oblige him to the ſatisfaction of her deſires, took an honeſt occaſion to pay himſelf for his Drudgery, by taking out the real Subſtances, and conveying the Counterfeit Shadows in their places. Which being done, for about three days after, *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* drank the Juſtice very hard; and

indeed, made it their buſineſs to keep him elevated for the moſt part of their Stay, after the moral Exchange which *Don Pedro* had made with his Wife. During which time, one Evening, the Juſtice being bowſie, they took an occaſion to make a Repetition of the great Favours he had ſhewn them, promiſing thoſe Returns, which they neither durſt, nor ever intended to perform. In the Concluſion of which moſt lofty Complements, ſome Diſcourſe ariſing about Mrs. *Iſabella*, D. *Pedro* catch'd at it, and ſpar'd not to ſay, that he lov'd her beyond meaſure, and little leſs then his Life; but he came ſhort of D. *Tomazo*, who ſwore by way of Reply, that ſhe was more dear to him then Life it ſelf; and in purſuit of his Zeal for the Lady, requeſted the Juſtice to declare, if it were his Intention to diſpoſe of his Daughter in Marriage, and if it were poſſible for her to love *Tomazo* and *Pedro* both alike, on which of the two he would ſooneſt beſtow her? The Juſtice being raviſh'd to hear ſuch a brisk Conteſt about his Daughter,

ter, between two ſuch great Perſons of Quality, was at firſt in a *Dilemma*; but at length, heightn'd by the t'other Round, and the more generous Proteſtation of D. *Tomazo*, frankly declar'd in favour of him. At which D. *Pedro* ſeem'd to take Snuff, but carry'd it off for the preſent; and ſo they drank on all three, till the Ladies were gone to Bed; but then D. *Pedro* and D. *Tomazo* took an occaſion to ſlip out of the Room, leaving the Juſtice alone, who perceiving they did not immediately return, preſently began to reflect upon the diſcourſe that had paſt between 'em. With that he ran to the Garden door, at which they went out; where he had not ſtood long, before he heard the claſhing of Swords. Which ſo amaz'd his Worſhip, that in a trice, the whole Family was allarm'd, and the Juſtice with ſome of his Servants, came in great haſte to part them. In this counterfeit Fray, D. *Pedro* had prickt D. *Tomazo* in the Arm, more like a Surgeon then an Enemy, which, with another green Hurt that *Tomazo* had

had receiv'd but a little before, paſt for two great Wounds. The Juſtice caus'd his Servants to take D. *Tomazo* into the Houſe, while he labour'd to appeaſe *Don Pedro*, who ſeemingly, would fain have had the t'other Touch with *D. Tomazo*. But his violent Paſſion, at length ſubmitting to the Juſtices Mediation, he was prevail'd with to go to Bed. The Scuffle being thus over, and the great Miſchief prevented, the Juſtice viſited *Tomazo*, who all in a boyling Choler, lay ſwearing, he would make *D. Pedro* ſmoak for the injury he had done him, and what he would make him pay for Damages. The Old Gentleman gave him all the Sugar words he could think of, and ſent for a Surgeon, whoſe Honeſty D. *Tomazo* eaſily tempted to delay the Cure, to enhance the Bill of Coſts. After that time, the two Rivals never met, *D. Tomazo* returning to his Quarters; and the Juſtice for his own Reputation, ſo ordered it, that there was no noiſe made of the dangerous Duel. Nevertheleſs, D. *Pedro*, who all this while, lay at Rack and

Manger

Manger in the Juſtices Houſe, and took that care of his wife, to find her other ſport then viſiting her Cabinets, ſeem'd to be not a little afraid of his Rival, and therefore perſwaded the Juſtice to give D. *Tomazo* a Viſit, and withal, to pump him in reference to his demands for Satisfaction. To whom D. *Tomazo* proteſted, that 500 *l.* ſhould not reconcile 'em. But the Cure being over, D. *Tomazo* was perſwaded by the Juſtice, (whom they found very much pleas'd with his Office of Mediation) to treat with D. *Pedro*, who was willing to refer himſelf to D. *Tomazo*, as not thinking it convenient to incumber himſelf with the Laws of the Nation, to which he was a Stranger. So that at length, D. *Tomazo* was over-rul'd by the Juſtice, to take 225 *l.* Accordingly *Don Pedro* laid down the Money in *Spaniſh* Gold, which *D. Tomazo* refus'd, as not being the Coin of *England*. Thereupon *D. Pedro*, mainly deſirous to be rid of Trouble, requeſted the Juſtice to take the Gold, and furniſh him with ſo much Money, which he not having

in the houſe, courteouſly ſent to *Penſanſe* for, and deliver'd it to *Pedro*, who upon the Payment thereof to *Don Tomazo*, receiv'd a full and ample diſcharge, but refus'd to have any more to do with ſuch a litigious Gentleman.

By this time having ſtock't all that Countrey with their precious Metal, by a Letter from the rock, they agreed to be gone, as they did in a moſt ſlovenly manner. For without taking leave of the Juſtice, who was ſo courteous, or his Wife, who had been ſo kind, or the Daughter, who had been ſo tenderly loving, they took horſe of a ſudden, and vaniſh'd out of the Countrey, leaving nothing behind 'em but the Remarques of an old muſty Proverb, *Happy are they that beware by other mens harms.* Neither were they very ſcrutinous to know what Curſes or Lamentations follow'd 'em from the Juſtices Houſe, who they knew had no great reaſon to be over-zealous in their purſuit.

Du-

During this pleaſant Ramble, the two Brethren in Evil had return'd ſeveral conſiderable Sums to *London*, and diſpos'd of all their counterfeit *Peruvians*. And now, coming to a certain Market-Town beyond *Exeter*, the little God, with a muffler about his Eyes, found a way to ſhoot a new Paſſion into *Don Tomazo*'s heart. He that had ſo long defi'd the yoke of Wedlock, was now altogether for the Bonds of Matrimony. He had met with an Object beautiful and rich, that had enſlav'd him even to a ſenſe of Honour, as if the ſickneſs of his Love had caus'd a qualm of Honeſty in his mind. So that having ſucceeded in his Courtſhip, he reſolv'd to be faithful to one he entirely lov'd. And now all things being concluded, and nothing wanting toward conſummation but the Ceremony of the Church, *Don Tomazo* rides back to *Exeter* to provide the Nuptial Ornaments. By the way, at another Market-Town, he met with ſome Gentlemen of the Country, who perſwaded him to dine with 'em at an Inn; Where

Where, after they had drank pretty hard, one of the Company (who was Maſter of the Inn where *Don Tomazo* quarter'd at *Lime*) began to relate the whole Story of a certain Exploit that was done at his Town by a pretended *Spaniſh* Count; and at the concluſion of his Story pointed to *Tomazo*, ſaying, that the Count was as like him, as ever he ſaw any man in his Life, only that the Count wore a Perruke, and *Don Tomazo* his own Hair. This Narrative did not a little diſorder *Don Tomazo*'s Cogitations; but he who had the confidence to out-brazen the ſtern looks of ſo many Dangers, ſcorn'd to betray his fear of ſuch a ſcare-crow as this: and ſo, putting a good face upon the matter, with a Story of the ſame nature with his own Concern, which led to others quite different, he lull'd the *Lime*-man's Relation aſleep; and for fear it ſhould wake again, he kept the Company ſo well ſoder'd together with pleaſing Healths, that all manner of Stories were forgot, there being not one in the Company but what was carry'd to bed.

Only

Onely *Don Tomazo*, having been more careful of himself, rode to *Exeter* that night, to meet a more unlucky Misfortune. For early the next morning after he came thither, the Ostler of the Inn where his Horses stood, taking one of them to the Farriers, upon some occasion or other, a certain Person casting his Eye upon the Beast, demanded of the Ostler whose it was? who answered, He knew not. Thereupon the Person who ask'd the Question waited till the Horse was led back, and following him to the Stable, there found the very Horse on which *Tomazo* rode when he chang'd his *Spanish* pieces with him at *Plimouth*, for 14 *l.* odd money; for so it fell out, that this was the very Individual Goldsmith that had been nick't in that manner. Who thereupon went to *Don Tomazo*'s Lodging, and caus'd him to be apprehended. A sad Catastrophe to a Person that dream't of nothing but Epithalamiums and Hymenæal *Flambeau's*. Presently he was carry'd before a Magistrate, by whom, upon the Justices Information, he was com-

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mitted, but left Bailable. *Don Tomazo* being thus in the Climm, and well knowing that the report of his being in Priſon would muſter a wicked Battalion of the ſame Crimes to his deſtruction; to prevent the threats of his hard Fate, writes away a Letter to a Gentleman who was a Juſtice of the Peace in the County of *Devon*, whoſe Sirname he then aſſum'd to himſelf; wherein he gave him to underſtand his Condition, and that he was a perſon nearly related to him; and therefore requeſted his Worſhip (for nothing leſs then a Juſtice of Peace of the ſame County would ſerve) to favour an innocent Stranger, ſo far as to ſtand for one of his Bail; pretending, as well he might do, that his Impriſonment would be his Ruine; as being a perſon that came not into the Country to utter falſe Money, but to court a young Lady, that liv'd not far from him; of which he would give his Worſhip a farther Account, if his Requeſt were granted. *Don Tomazo*'s Letter was well conſider'd and ſcann'd by the Juſtice, before he ſent an

an Anſwer; and enquiry was alſo made by his Order, after this new diſcover'd Kinſman; by which the Juſtice finding many of the Circumſtances to be true, as *Don Tomazo* had expreſt, believ'd the reſt, and wrote him word, that though he knew him not perſonally, he was ſatisfi'd that he had ſuch a Kinſman in the World, and believ'd him ſo to be; and therefore rather then ſuffer a Relation to lie under ſuch a Scandal, he promis'd to bail him off, which was immediately done by himſelf and another Juſtice of the Peace, whom he had engag'd to ſtand with him. With this new Relation *Don Tomazo* went home, where he was civilly entertain'd till the time of his Appearance at the Seſſions. During which Interval, being brought acquainted by his Couſin, with the Juſtices of the Peace of the County, he had ſo inſinuated himſelf into their Favour, that ſeveral of them had oblig'd themſelves by Promiſe to be his Friends, which made him reſolv'd to ſtand his Tryal. When the time came, the Goldſmith exhibited his Indictment againſt

againſt *Don Tomazo*, wherein he charg'd him with having exchang'd at his Shop, a certain weight of Mettal for ſo much real-money; but that when he went to melt it down in his Forge, the whole matter by putting a ſmart Fire under it, evaporated with that Violence, that his Servant ſtanding on the other ſide of the Forge, having receiv'd ſome of the Vapour into his Noſtrils, ſwonded away to the great wonder of his Maſter. Upon this Indictment *D. Tomazo* was found guilty of a high Misdemeanour, and fin'd 45 *l.* which was afterwards brought down to 40 *s.* and preſently pay'd with great Joy. For upon Payment of his fine, no other charge coming againſt him, he was acquitted by Proclamation.

D. Tomazo having thus eſcap'd the Goldſmith's Tongues, almoſt as bad as St. *Dunſtan*'s, and made all the Expedition he could, to render his Acknowledgments to the Gentleman he was ſo much oblig'd to, made as much haſte out of the Countrey, and with his other ſelf *D. Pedro* ſet forward for *London*,

London, no more regarding his intended Marriage; which indeed had been to little purpoſe. For his Miſtreſs's Relations having heard of his Misfortunes, and that he had been no Sufferer for his Religion, took that Paternal care, as to ſend their Kinſwoman far enough out of his reach. When the two Travellers arriv'd at *London*, and had caſt up their Accounts, it appear'd by their Books, that they and their Confederates had utter'd in this Kingdom 4050 Pieces of their ſorts of *Spaniſh* Gold, amounting to near 5000 *l.* Sterling. Of which, being divided 1700 *l.* came to *Don Tomazo*'s and *D. Pedro*'s Share; all which, together with the ſtock they had before, and the Jewels which they had borrow'd of the Juſtice's Lady (clear booty to them two) roſe to a very conſiderable Value; and yet no ſuch vaſt Sum neither, for thoſe that had been ſowing and reaping all over *England*.

Now you will ſay, What became of all this Money? Oh! never fear it, you ſhall have a faithful Account of it by and

and by. You'l be impertinently queſtioning too, Why did not theſe two Dons put themſelves in *a Way?* So they did, and that in as fair a way to be hang'd as ever they did in all their Progreſſes through all the ways of *Great Britain*. Now looſing, and ventring Life and Limbs to impoſe upon Princes and Generals, as they did before to cozen Goldſmiths and Countrey Gentlemen. But how you will approve of their ways, is not for them to determine.

For to tell you the truth, the two Dons finding *London* the cooleſt place in *England* for men of their Profeſſion, now grown by continual Perſecutions, rather like the Stoves i'the new *Bagno*, then like a gentle *Egyptian* Oven to hatch more miſchief in, reſolv'd to paſs over into *Holland*, with a Reſolution to ſerve the Prince of *Orange*, and ſo they did more tricks then ever he thought they deſerv'd thanks for. To which intent, they took their Leaves of their Native Soil, like two Philoſophers, carrying

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all they had along with them: though it were a hard thing to judge whether their Country were not as glad to be rid of them, as they were to be rid of their Country. But let it be as it will, they were no ſooner entred upon the Stage of *Holland*, but they were admitted to kiſs the Princes Hands. Such an Aſcendant has the dazle of Garb and Behaviour over all Mankind, and all, becauſe the Body of Man is not as tranſparent, as it is brittle. Soon after they had perform'd this Ceremony, they had leave to enter themſelves as Volunteers; for there were no Commiſſions to be had for Money, it being then at the beginning of the *Campaign*. During all which time of Military Duty, and the Winter following, the two *Engliſh* Sparks, not conſidering that their Bank was to be ſadom'd, or rather, building upon the fair Promiſes made them of Employments, that would ſoon repleniſh the *Vacuums* of their empty Bags, what with *Item* for exceſſive Eexpences; *Item* for Gaming, that bane of *Plethorie* Pockets, were brought to

ſing *Lachrymæ* over the laſt penny. So that, for want of foreſight, ſeldom regarded by the great Maſters of Art in *Guſmanry*, having diſpos'd of all their Equipage and Bravery, for it came to that at length, they were reſolv'd however not to ſtarve. And therefore to prevent that miſerable pining Death, *Don Tomazo*, who had ſome knowledge in the Art of Fortification, as being one that had often built Sconces, took the boldneſs to wait upon the Prince, to whom he expreſt the great deſire he had to ſerve his Highneſs to the utmoſt of what he was capable. Then, for *Don Tomazo* was always one that kept cloſe to his Text, he made known to the Prince the neceſſity he was in, not forgetting to mind him of the good Services he and *Don Pedro* had done at ſeveral places, and more particularly the Siege of *Grave*, which were not unknown to the Prince. Who thereupon bid *Tomazo* look about, and find out ſomething within his Highneſs's diſpoſal, and that then both he and his Friend ſhould not fail to ſee the Effects of his

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Highneſs's Favour anſwerable to their Expectations. But *Don Tomazo* not to be baulk'd by thoſe plauſible Evaſions of Courtſhip, came cloſe to the Point, for it was money he wanted, and thereupon he acquainted the Prince, That if he would order him a hundred pound, he would undertake to ſerve him as a Spye in the *French* Army. This the Prince deſir'd Time to conſider of, and in a ſhort time communicated the Secret to ſome of his Council; who being as truly ſenſible as himſelf of the great want of Intelligence among the *Dutch*, perſwaded the Prince to employ *Don Tomazo*, ſince 'twas his own Voluntary offer. In purſuit of this Advice, the Prince ſent for *D. Tomazo*, and told him, provided his Friend *D. Pedro* would condeſcend to be left as a Pledg, he ſhould have a hundred pounds to put him into an Equipage fit for the Proſecution of his Propoſals. For the Prince had had ſeveral tricks put upon him by the *Engliſh* before, which made him the more cautious. Upon this, *Tomazo* adviſes with his Friend *D. Pedro*; and as they two were not wont to

Spaniolize in their Consultations, the matter was so order'd to the Princes Satisfaction likewise, that *Don Tomazo*, as much to his Satisfaction likewise, received the hundred pound. Upon the receipt whereof, away went *Don Tomazo* for *Brussels*, alter'd all his Habits, and in the disguise of a Boor of that Countrey, trudg'd to the *French* Army, that then lay encamp'd near *Sogny*, under the Command of the Prince of *Conde*. There *Don Tomazo* got a full view of all their Standards, Cannon, and the manner of their Encamping; as also, a very near account of the number of their Men, both Horse and Foot. With this Discovery *Don Tomazo* return'd to *Brussells*, where he put all things into a formal draught, exactly representing the whole Camp; which being shew'd to the Prince of *Orange*, he compar'd it with one which he had receiv'd before from another person of the same Occupation. By which Comparison, the Prince found *D. Tomazo* to be a very fit Person for his Employment; and therefore encourag'd him,

him, and promis'd him, that ſo long as he could furniſh them with good Intelligence, he ſhould want neither for Money nor Advance. Thereupon *Don Tomazo* returns to *Bruſſells*, where finding ſeveral of the Country People, whoſe Houſes had been plunder'd, and themſelves ſtript by the *French*, ſo miſerably poor, that they wanted Bread: *Don Tomazo* pick't up one of theſe forlorn Creatures, which by Converſation he found moſt acute, with whom he prevail'd to undertake ſuch Enterprizes as he ſhould put him upon, and to follow his directions; for which he promis'd him half a Crown *Engliſh* a day. The *Boor* taking *Don Tomazo* for an Angel ſent from Heaven to relieve his Miſery, embrac'd his Offer with all the readineſs imaginable. So that *Don Tomazo* having giv'n him full Inſtructions, ſent him about his buſineſs. Upon his Return, the Boor gave a very good Account of things, which being put into Form, together with ſuch other Diſcoveries which *Don Tomazo* had made (unknown to the Boor) he

preſented them to the Prince, who ſtill receiv'd more and more Satisfaction from the Labours of his new ſpy.

Sometime after, *D. Tomazo* had by the Diligence of his new acquir'd Confederate, prevail'd with ten or a dozen more of the ſame ſtamp, and in the ſame Condition to liſt themſelves in his Service for the ſame Pay. By this Increaſe of Number, his Intelligence notably increaſt, inſomuch that his double Diligence had highly advanc'd him in the Favour of the Prince, who believ'd that whatever *Tomazo* brought him, was clearly gotten by his own Hazard and Induſtry, as indeed the beſt part of it was; for you muſt always allow the Maſter to outdoe the Servants.

Theſe ſmaller Attempts ſo well ſucceeding, *D. Tomazo* was deſir'd by the Prince of *Orange*, to uſe all his art to inſinuate himſelf into an Acquaintance with ſome of the Prince of *Conde*'s Family or Attendents, promiſing that if it could be accompliſh'd and any Service accrue

accrue from thence, no Sum of Money ſhould be wanting for Gratification, or Reward, or Remuneration, or whatever ye pleaſe to call it. *D. Tomazo* thirſting after Fame and Money, and believing that having ſo many Irons in the Fire it would not be long e're ſome of them prov'd hot enough to ſtrike, readily undertakes the Affair; to which purpoſe he provides a Frock of Sackcloath, a pair of wooden Shooes, (for ſuch is the Habit of the Boors in thoſe parts) a Rundlet of Brandy, and a parcel of *Tobacco*. This Rundlet had two Diviſions, the one for the Souldiers Liquor of Life, and the other for black-lead Pencils, and Parchment, and ſuch other neceſſary materials. In this Garb, who the Devil could know ſo great a Perſon as *Don Tomazo*? So that under this diſguiſe, he walk'd about the *French* Camp, grateful to the Souldiers for the ſake of his Tobacco and Brandy; and watching his Opportunies, took ſeveral Memorandums very conſiderable. But loytring one day careleſsly about the Quarters of the Prince of *Conde*, one of

the Captains of the Guard call'd to *Don Tomazo*, who believing him not worſe then *Cerberus*, and in hopes that a Sop would have ſtopp'd his Mouth, proffer'd him a Taſt of his Cordial Liquor. But the Captain ſuſpecting him to be what he was, order'd him to be ſearch'd, and kept him upon the Guard four whole hours. This was an Accident that ſet all the Pulſes of *Don Tomazo*'s Brain at work; and all little enough to hammer out new Spirits to ſupply the want of thoſe which he had loſt in the Fright. But thoſe little Vulcans ſoon recruited his Arteries, and the Devil too, the Father of Lyes, unwilling to looſe a Servant, gave him a Liſt with a caſt of his Favour. For after ſomething of a ſerious Study upon ſuch a tickliſh point of Life or Death, *D. Tomazo* call'd for the Captain, and deſir'd he might be carry'd to the Prince of *Conde*; at which the Captain laught and ſaluted *Don Tomazo*'s Poſteriors with a contemptible Kick or two; asking in great Deriſion, What Buſineſs ſuch a Beaſt as he could have with the Prince? So

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ſtrangely may a Captain be miſtaken. But *Don Tomazo* urg'd his Importunity ſo home, that Mareſchal *D' Humieres* paſſing by, and hearing the brandy man ſo boldly demand to ſpeak with the Prince of *Conde* about Buſineſs of Importance, came up to him and ask'd him What it was? To whom *Don Tomazo* made a ſubmiſſive Anſwer, That it was of that high Conſequence, that for his Life he durſt not impart it to any but the Prince himſelf. Away went the Mareſchal, little thinking, that *Satan* had ſent him of an Errand, and gave Notice to the Prince of D. *Tomazo*'s Importunity; who thereupon ſent for the Brandy-Merchant, not to buy any of his Ware, but to underſtand his Buſineſs. Then it was, that *D. Tomazo*, with a reſpective Bow, not like that of a Strong-water-man, deſir'd Privacy with his Highneſs, as not daring to give any Account of his Buſineſs to any perſon living but himſelf. Thereupon, the Prince conſidering there were ſuch things as Diſguiſes in the World, and frequently made uſe of, and that it was

was in his Power, with one puff of a *Mort-bleu*, as well to hang a Varlet, as to reward an Inſtrument, order'd all People to withdraw: which being done, *Don Tomazo* opening his Mouth without Fear or Trembling, thus began.

Sir, it is intended by the Prince of *Orange*, that his whole Army ſhall march to *Oudenard* about four days hence; in order to which, all things are in Preparation: thirty Battering Cannon are to be ſent from *Gaunt* to meet them; the Prince being reſolv'd to beſiege the Town with all the Vigour imaginable; and to render the Enterprize more eaſie, four Engineers are to be ſent into the Garriſon to morrow, to diſmount the Cannon, which is to be done with the conſent of ſome of the Gunners already tamper'd with, and made for their Purpoſe. Farther, when the *Dutch* are ready to open their Trenches, the great Water Damm in the middle of the Town is to be ſprung by another Engineer, by the conſent of the Perſons

ſons there concern'd, of whom they are already aſſur'd. Which being done, and the Water fallen, the Enemy intends to attacque the Town on that ſide. Now if your Highneſs think fit, I will return to the *Dutch* Army, and make farther enquiry into the particulars of this deſign, which when I have done, I ſhall be ready to go to *Oudenard*, and diſcover to the Perſons your Highneſs ſhall appoint, the very Engineers, and their Accomplices themſelves. The Prince hearing ſuch a Formal Story from ſuch an *Anniſ-ſeed-water*-Robin, as he took *Tomazo* to be, was not a little ſurpris'd, which caus'd him, as any General of reaſon would have done, to ask *Tomazo* what he was? how he had liv'd? what had induc'd him to make this Diſcovery? and how he came to be privy to ſuch a conſiderable Secret? Adding withal, that he could not believe the Prince of *Orange* would ever communicate a Deſign of ſuch Importance, to a Perſon of his Low Degree.

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To this *Don Tomazo*, not thinking it neceſſary to run through the whole Courſe of his Life, reply'd in ſhort, That he was a Captain in the Prince of *Orange's* Army, that he was intimately acquainted with all the Chief Officers; that he had been divers times at their Councils of War; and often had had the Honour privately to diſcourſe the Prince of *Orange*, the Princes of *Curland*, *Naſſau*, and *Friezeland*; by which he made it out, that there was probability enough, that he might be acquainted with part, though not with all their Deſigns. And laſtly, that as to his Inducement, to make the Diſcovery, it proceeded meerly from the great Honour and Eſteem he had for His Majeſty of *France*, whom he was moſt ambitious to ſerve.

The Prince, having thus duly weigh'd the Circumſtances of the Story, and finding nothing but what was very likely to be true, ſurrender'd his Belief to D. *Tomazo*'s ſmooth Tale; and the more to oblige him, order'd his *Va-*

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let du Chambre to preſent him with forty *Quadruples*, to the value of 160 *l.* Sterling; which pleas'd D. *Tomazo* much better then the Kicks o'the Breech which the Surly Captain gave him. Which being done, the Prince gave him farther hopes of his Favour, even to high Advancement, if he made out the diſcovery as he had begun; and ſo, having enjoyn'd him to return with all poſſible ſpeed, in order to his going to *Oudenard* for the Apprehenſion of *Don Tomazo*'s Traytors in the Moon, he diſmiſs'd the well ſatisfi'd *Mundungus*-merchant from a moſt dreadful Agony, with the ſweet Conſolation of Fidler's Fare.

Don Tomazo having thus by dint of Wit, deliver'd himſelf out of the Lion's Den, and finding that he was able to deal with two Princes at one time, reſolv'd to play his Game out. To this Intent, away he goes directly to the Prince of *Orange*, and to him, without any Concealment, relates all that had paſt between the Prince of *Conde* and

and himſelf. A Story which very much pleas'd the Prince, and caus'd him to laugh heartily. At the Concluſion of his Narrative, *Don Tomazo* was commanded by the Prince, to return at the time appointed; which he did accordingly, and found immediate Admittance to the Prince of *Conde*, to whom he told the ſame Story as before, only with ſome Alterations and Additions. Which ſo convinc'd the Great General of the Truth of the Fable, not believing that though a man had counterfeited once, he would ever be ſuch a Fool to venture again with the ſame Lye in his Mouth, that he order'd *Don Tomazo* to go directly by ſuch a Token to the Marquis *de Chamilly*, then Governour of *Oudenard*, and give him an Account of the whole matter, as from the Prince. All which *Don Tomazo* exactly perform'd; but then pretending to the Marquis, that the Perſons were not yet come, and that it behov'd him therefore to ſtay till they came; that Liberty was ſoon allow'd him. During which time, he made it his Buſineſs to walk and view all the Fortifications,

cations, as well Private as Publick; as alſo, to take ſeveral Memoirs of what he thought proper for his Purpoſe. And though it was not to be expected, that the Marqueſs ſhould be ſo liberal as the Prince of *Conde*, yet did *Don Tomazo* ſo well order his Governourſhip, that he *Chamilly'd* him out of forty Piſtols; and ſo having model'd all his draughts & Obſervations, he watch'd his Opportunity, and ſtole out of the Town, though with no ſmall hazzard; the *French* being the moſt careful in the World how they let any perſons paſs in or out at their Garriſons without a ſtrict Examination.

By this time the Prince of *Conde* had receiv'd an account from ſome Correſpondent of his in the *Dutch* Army, that the Prince of *Orange* had ſent an Engineer to *Oudenard*, and that he did intend to beleaguer it. Which piece of imperfect Intelligence from a known Friend, agreeing with *Don Tomazo*'s Story, ſo ſtartl'd the Prince, that he now believ'd every word *Don Tomazo* had ſaid. And thereupon, raiſes his Camp from

from *Charleroy*, and marches quite croſs the Country to cover *Oudenard*; into which he put three thouſand freſh men with Proviſions, continuing his Camp upon the Downs, in expectation of the Prince of *Orang*'s Coming. Of whom in four days after he heard another Story, for the *Dutch* taking the Opportunity of the diſcamping and long march of the *French*, preſently ſurrounded *Charleroy*, the place they had all along had their Deſign upon; which forc'd the Prince after a tedious March to *Oudenard* for the Apprehenſion of *Don Tomazo*'s inviſible Ingineers, to hurry back again to the Relief of *Charlery*, where he had no ſmall Trouble to raiſe the Beſiegers, not daring to give them Battel, though he had much the Advantage: And it may be truly ſaid, that this invented Chimæra of *Don Tomazo*'s, the product of a meer Accident, had ſo diſorder'd the Meaſures of the *French* Counſels, by ſending their General from poſt to pillar, that they could not recover their Senſes all that Summer. From ſuch ſmall Beginnings oft times ariſe the moſt fatal

fatal Revolutions in the World.

For, to ſay Truth, the Siege of *Oudenard* was never dreamt of, till *Don Tomazo*'s Return from thence with the Marquis's Piſtols, and his preſenting the Prince of *Orange* with the Draughts and Obſervations he had made. But then the Prince conſulted all his Engineers, and divers Councils of War were held upon the occaſion of *Don Tomazo*'s diſcoveries; which were found to be of that Conſequence, that the *Dutch* fell in good earneſt to the Siege of *Oudenard*; which put the Prince of *Conde* to another Dance of Attendance upon their Maſterſhips, to rouze 'em from that haunt. Which hapn'd very much to the loſs of the Beſiegers, and more for the Prince of *Conde*'s honour, though *Don Tomazo* had put him to trot hard for it. However, there were ſome Commanders of great Experience among the *Dutch*, who were of Opinion, that had the directions which *Don Tomazo* gave them, been rightly manag'd and kept private, the Succeſs of the Enterpriſe could not have fail'd.

But that which occasion'd the ill Successes of the *Dutch*, I mean not only in this particular, but at other times, was first their ill Conduct in not concealing the good Services, nor indeed the names of the persons of those they put upon such Employments as these; and then, so often communicating their Designs to such as gave immediate notice to the *French*; by whose Advices, the *Dutch* Spies were so often discover'd and hang'd, that others being discourag'd their Intelligence was very insignificant, till *Don Tomazo* undertook the business, who so order'd it, that he had several Emissaries up and down in the *French* Army, and some that waited even upon some of the Principal Officers themselves, which he had in daily pay; beside others that continually trotted between them in the Army and himself, who with *Don Pedro*, still kept his Quarters in some *Spanish* Garrison neareſt his Business, modelling collateral designs of another nature.

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The next Summer, the face of Affairs was somewhat alter'd, the Prince of *Conde* being remov'd into *Alsatia*, and the Duke of *Luxemburgh* made General of the Army in *Flanders*; which clearly disorder'd *Tomazo*'s former Settlement; So that he was forc'd to go himself to new model his Affairs, which he effectually perform'd. For he got *Don Pedro* to be a *Valet du Chambre* to the Duke himself; by which means, *Don Pedro* became very Serviceable to him. His Correspondence being thus setl'd, and carri'd on for near four Months, D. *Tomazo* found, that some of the *Spanish* Governours were not so kind to him as he expected, and therefore he made his Complaint to the Prince of *Orange*, who soon after, procur'd Letters of Recommendation from the Duke *de Villa Hermosa*, not only to those, but to all others, which *Don Tomazo* had occasion to visit. A certain sort of Utensils, which he knew how to make use of,

Some time after, there hapn'd certain disorders among the Confederate Spies, which could not be well settl'd, unless *Don Tomazo* appear'd among them in Person, and as it fell out, no other place would serve but the Duke of *Luxemburgh's* Quarters themselves. In order to this difficult Journey, *Don Tomazo* puts on the Habit of a Merchant, gets as many Pass-ports as were requisite for a Man under such Circumstances to travel with, and so sets forward on Foot towards the *French* Camp. By the way, he narrowly escap'd the pursuit of several Boors in the Province of *Artois*, who would certainly have stript, if not murther'd him, had he not shew'd them a good pair of Heels; the use of which he well understood: For it was common with him to travel fifty miles a day in that Country. He had no sooner got clear of this cursed Crew, but he met with another party, about half a Mile off, as bad as themselves. Through these he had no other means to escape, but by making his way by main force. Which so pro-

provok'd thoſe Bloody Varlets, that ſome of them let fly ſeveral ſhot at him from their Fuzees, while others ſet a running after him, thinking to have overtaken him; and perhaps they might have won the Race to the loſs of his Life, had he not met with ſome of the Horſe Guards of *Liſle*, then ſcouting abroad, who, obſerving what had paſt between the Boors and him, preſently ſeiz'd him, and ſent him away to the Garriſon. Where he was detain'd by the Captain of the Guard, notwithſtanding that he ſhew'd him his Paſſports; who told *Don Tomazo*, that he was a Spie, and only forc'd in by a party of their Men, who were gone out but a little before, and that therefore he ſhould ſtay till the Party return'd. *Don Tomazo* vex'd at this ſtop, acquainted the Captain with the real occaſion of his travelling that way, which was to wait upon the Duke of *Luxemburgh*; but nothing would ſerve, till at length the Souldiers coming back, and giving the Captain an Account, how he had been purſu'd by the Boors,

and how they had seiz'd him, to secure him out of their Clutches; he was presently discharg'd; but order'd to attend the Governour, who was desirous to see him, having heard of his deliverance out of the hands of the Sons of *Belial*. The Governour lik'd *Don Tomazo* so well, that he would fain have entertain'd him in his House, as being unwilling to part with him, always acknowledging the great Obligations the *English* had laid upon him in his Extremity in remembrance whereof, he thought himself engag'd to be kind to *Don Tomazo*. But he, knowing the urgency of his own Affairs far better then the Governour, pretended that his Errand was to the Duke of *Luxemburgh* and then told him so much of his business as concern'd the *French* Interest. Whereupon the Governour, sorry that he had detain'd *D. Tomazo* so long, to make him amends, by expediting his Journey, caus'd his Groom to saddle two very good Horses, and to attend *D. Tomazo*, till he saw him with the Duke. This kindness of the Governour *Don Tomazo* could

could very well have born with, had not the Groom been order'd to see him with the Duke. For *Don Tomazo* being resolv'd to make the Governour, who had given him nothing but a parcel of good words, pay for his loss of time, had already design'd to take the Horses in Execution for his Debt. All the matter was how to get rid of this impertinent Groom: Which put *Don Tomazo* upon his Invention that seldom fail'd; and at this time prov'd most faithful to him, for as he was riding before by a piece of enclos'd Ground, upon a Pretence that he had seen a Hare, he had flung his Cane over the Hedge; and therefore pray'd the Groom to alight and fetch it him again, while he held his Horse. *Don Tomazo* finding this the only time to prevent his being brought before the Duke of *Luxemburgh*, left his Conductor to return home a foot, and rode clear away with the Horses to *Mons*, a Garrison of the *Spaniards*. Upon his Arrival there, he was presently carry'd by two files of Musketeers to the Governour, then the Duke

of *Areſcot*, who had had Letters of Recommendation in the Behalf of *Don Tomazo* from the Duke of *Villa Hermoſa* before. To the Duke *Don Tomazo* told the whole Story of his Travels, and how he had ſerv'd the Governour of *Liſle* for detaining him from his Buſineſs. Thereupon the Duke caus'd the horſes to be ſold by beat of Drum, upon the ſale of which *Don Tomazo* receiv'd ſix and forty pound, which he put up in his Pocket to drink the Governour of *Liſle* and his Grooms Health.

Two days after, the Duke ſent a Convoy of 800 Dragoons to *Bruſſels*, for Proviſions. Thither with them went *Don Tomazo*, and there conſidering the preſſing want of his Appearance among his Confederates in the *French* Army, he reſolv'd to adventure once more. To which purpoſe he dreſt himſelf up in a poor Habit like a Woman; and ſo ſetting forward, the next day made his private Entry into the *French* Camp. Where after he had ſetled all his Affairs, ſcowr'd and oyl'd all his Wheels, and

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ſet 'em at work again; as he was coming away, it being in the Evening, a certain laſcivious Horſe Officer mad to be riding a freſh Country Wench, would needs have been forcing up *D. Tomazo*'s Coats; ſo that the young *Amazon*, not willing to be diſcover'd, was forc'd to uſe her utmoſt Strength to keep the boyſtrous Officer honeſt. Thereupon, as all Repulſes in Love beget Revenge, the diſappointed Cavalier not believing ſo much Strength in that Sex, and diſdaining to be ſo ſlighted by a bumpkinly Trull, commanded ſome of his Souldiers to ſearch *Tomazo*, which when thoſe rugged men-mid-wives had done, and made the true Diſcovery, th' enraged Hotſpur caus'd *D. Tomazo* to be ty'd neck and heels, and ſecur'd as a Spy. Now was *Don Tomazo* in a buſhel of Troubles, and one would think paſt all Redemption; but give a man Luck and coyt him into the Sea. In this Condition therefore, *D. Tomazo* arming himſelf with his wonted Confidence, ſends to ſpeak in private with his amorous Officer, which being condeſcended to, *Don Tomazo* gave him ſuch a parcel of Demonſtrations

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ons ſo ſatisfactory to a Fellow that had more Leachery then Wit, that he not only order'd no more noiſe to be made of the Buſineſs, but at the Requeſt of *D. Tomazo*, went himſelf to tell the Duke of *Luxemburgh*, that there was a perſon ſtolen out of the Prince of *Orange* his Army in Womans Apparel, to make ſome Diſcovery to his *Excellency*: whereupon the Duke ſent for *Don Tomazo*. But having heard how the Prince of *Conde* had been trout-tickl'd, and reſolving that no Body ſhould make a Gudgeon of him, ſo ſoon as *Don Tomazo* was brought before him, ſent for ſeveral Officers who had ſerv'd in the Army when the Prince of *Conde* commanded, to come and view *Don Tomazo*, but it ſo happen'd, that now there was not one that could remember him, upon which Aſſurance the Duke was willing to hear what *Don Tomazo* had to ſay; which was to this Effect, as cloſe as all the Wit he had could prompt him to lay it; That an *Engliſh* Colonel in the *Dutch* Army had a great Inclination to ſerve the King of *France*, and to that purpoſe, would ſo order his Buſineſs, that

that all his Men and Officers ſhould privately convey themſelves into the *French* Camp, provided the Duke would aſſure them of the ſame Employments in his Service, as they had under the Prince of *Orange:* And farther, that the ſaid Colonel had employ'd him, who was one of his Corporals, to treat with his Excellency about it. This Tale of a roſted Horſe ſeem'd very probable to the Duke, by reaſon of the frequent Revolts of the *Engliſh* to the *French*, in regard of their better Pay and Uſage. Thereupon the Duke oblig'd *Don Tomazo* to aſſure the Officers, that they ſhould not only have the ſame Employments, but alſo Conſiderations of greater Value; and to give *Don Tomazo* an occaſion to applaud his Bounty, with his own hand, put into D. *Tomazo*'s Paum, ten Piſtols for a Taſte; for which, *Don Tomazo* having made a Scrape or a Court'ſie, he cannot well remember, with a moſt chearful Heart withdrew: and being now from a Mouſe in a Trap, advanc'd to be a Man at full Liberty, repairs to the Prince

Prince of *Orange*, to whom he related the and bad Fortune that had befall'n good him, ſince the laſt time that he had waited upon his Highneſs: which ſo well pleas'd the Prince, that he remembring the Proverb of the Pitcher, kindly perſwaded *Don Tomazo* not to venture any more, as indeed he did not intend; but ſeemingly refus'd to give over, keeping his private Correſpondence ſtill with his Agents in Pay, though that knack of his were unknown to the Prince.

But by this time the Winter approach'd, and the Rivulets of Money not flowing ſo freely from the Prince's Springs, as if there were no need of Intelligence in the Winter; *Don Tomazo*, who thought he deſerv'd as much in the Winter as in the Summer, and therefore apprehended himſelf to be ſlighted, ſent for *Don Pedro* out of the *French* Army, and reſolves to ſet ſome Engine at work. To this purpoſe, *Don Tomazo*, taking *Don Pedro* along with him, went to the Governour of *Gaunt*, with whom he was

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ſure there lay perdue a Letter of Recommendation from the Duke of *Villa Hermoſa* in his behalf, as there did with all the reſt of the *Spaniſh* Governours. To this ſame great Man of Truſt, *Don Tomazo* pretended, that *D. Pedro* was going upon particular and immediate Service into the *French* Camp; but wanted Money to defray the neceſſary Expences of the Deſign. Upon which Aſſertion of ſuch a known Miniſter among them as *Don Tomazo*, *Don Pedro* was preſently furniſh'd with 30 *l.* With which Pretence, they viſited all the moſt conſiderable Governours of the *Spaniſh* Garriſons, which produc'd a notable Heap; for they never got leſs than Twenty pound at a place.

At length, having no more but one to viſit, who was a great Grandee, they reſolv'd to ſtrike him home. To which intent, they took up their Quarters in *Antwerp*; and as they never wanted Tools (for *Don Tomazo* had provided himſelf of a Signet with the

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Prince of *Orange*'s Arms) they counterfeited a Letter from the Prince to Count *Salazar*, then Governour of *Antwerp* Caſtle, in theſe very Words.

SIR,

LEt *this Perſon, the Bearer hereof, be furniſh'd with* 400 *Piſtols and four Horſes, at the Requeſt of*

P. Orange.

This Letter was carri'd by *Don Tomazo*, alone; and being ſhew'd to the Count, who had not the leaſt ſuſpicion that it was written at *Don Tomazo*'s Quarters in *Antwerp*, order'd the Money forthwith to be paid, and the Horſes to be deliver'd; which you may be ſure were none of the worſt. For the Count was ſo civil to the Prince, as to give *Don Tomazo* the Liberty to go into his Stable, and make Choice of ſuch as he ſhould think moſt proper for his purpoſe. And for prevention of the bad Effects of Second thoughts, as well as for their own eaſe, *Don Tomazo* requeſted the Count, that

that he would permit one of his Grooms to ride along with him. A request soon granted to the Spy-master General of *Holland*. Having thus done all their business with success, *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* rode directly like *Castor* and *Pollux* to *Dunkirk*; where being stopt by the Out-guards, *Don Tomazo*, with a kind of impatient Countenance of Business, desir'd to be carri'd forthwith before the Governour; to whom, so soon as he had the Liberty of a private Audience, he related in part what he had done to the Advantage of the *French*; that his coming to that Garrison, was to serve the King his Master, and as such a one desir'd to to be entertain'd. Upon this the Governour receiv'd both *Don Tomazo* and *Don Pedro* with great Civility, giving them Permission to dispose of their Booty. But *Don Tomazo* being willing to lay some kind of Obligation upon the Governour, for the Proverb tells ye, there is daubing in all Trades, as an Acknowledgment of his Favour, presented him with two of the best; the other

other two they put i' their Pockets, and having giv'n the Groom a ſmall Gratuity for his Attendance, and money to bear his Expences, they diſmiſs'd him with as ponderous a Complement to his Maſter, as they thought his Memory was able to bear, which by that time was as welcome to the Count as the ſound of his Paſſing-bell. For before the Return of the Groom with his *voſtre tres humble's*, the Prince of *Orangé* paſſing through *Antwerp* in his way to the *Hague* (the Campaigne being then broke up) the Spaniſh Count believing he had laid a great Obligation upon the Prince never to be forgotten, gave him to underſtand, how ready he had been to obſerve his Highneſs's Commands, in furniſhing *Don Tomazo* according to his Requeſt, expecting ſome mountainous Complement for his great Care. But the Prince not knowing what the Count meant, inſtead of applauding his Sedulity, fell a laughing, adding withal, that it was a Trick, and that he muſt pay for his Learning. No not ſo, reply'd the Count, for I have your Highneſs's hand

hand to ſhew for what I have done: and preſently drew the Note out of his Pocket. The Prince read it, and ſhew'd it to all the Chief Perſonages about him, who could not gainſay, but that it was the Prince's Subſcription, and his Secretaries Writing. However, in regard the Prince could not remember either the Time or the Occaſion of ſuch a bountiful piece of Writing, it was by all condemn'd for a Cheat, and ſo the Count loſt his Cauſe. Nevertheleſs, the Prince more ſenſible then the reſt, of the Motives that had induc'd D. *Tomazo* to make ſuch an ill uſe of his Ingenuity, proteſted, that if *Don Tomazo* were with him again, he ſhould not be ſo ſlighted as he had been, for that he had done him very great Services; and therefore could not well be blam'd for carving for himſelf, what ought to have been with more Freedom allow'd him.

Weary now of the Land Service, for a while, they reſolv'd to commit themſelves to the Mercy of the Ocean; and

to venture the Hazards of three unruly Elements, Fire, Air, and Water all at once. In order to which Resolution, the two bold Sparks, flush with the Spoils of the Flandrian Governours, make a League with a Privateer at *Dunkirk*, and so hoisting sail, they steer away for the North-East Sea; Where after they had taken several Prizes, *D. Tomazo* was order'd by the Captain to officiate in one of the best, as his Lieutenant. Now would it not vex a man of Sense to be in Possession of a Peruvian Mine, and in a moment to loose it again through the Folly or rather Madness of a company of unruly beasts? For this some prize wherein *Tomazo* was, being well stor'd with Wine, as well as other rich Commodities, had given the Seaman such a fatal Opportunity to steep themselves in the Juice of the Grape, that while their heads swam, the Ship run a ground upon the Isle of *Amelandt*; in which condition D. *Tomazo* and the rest of the Seamen having pillag'd her of the best of her lading, left her to the mercy of the next Tide, and got a shore, which being discover'd by

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two *Dutch*-men that belong'd to the Veſſel before ſhe was made Prize, the Country roſe upon the miſerable ſons of Misfortune, took them every Mothers-ſon Priſoners, and carry'd them to *Harling* in *Friezland*, where after they had ſtript them, and eas'd them of their rich plunder which in Gold, Jewels, Neck-laces of Pearl and other Commodities of the higheſt Value found upon no more then 13 men, amounted to no leſs then 15000. *l. Sterling*; they were ſo charitable as to deliver them ſome of their Seamens old Cloaths, to cover their Nakedneſs, and ſo with five Shillings apiece to bear their Expences, turn'd 'em like a ſort of Chriſtian Dogs out of the Town, to enquire their way home to *Dunkirk*, which is near a hundred Leagues; So little Compaſſion do Malefactors find among the wicked themſelves.

In their way, the chiefeſt place of Note was *Amſterdam*, where D. *Tomazo* having entred into a Confederacy with two of the ſtouteſt and acuteſt of the diſtreſſed Gang, reſolv'd to make a

full ſtop; leaving the reſt to take their own Courſe. Here *Don Tomazo*, hourly inſtigated by his late Sufferings and Loſſes freſh in Memory, thinking no Injury he could do ſo mercileſs an Enemy, could equalize the Miſeries which they had caus'd him to endure, ſought all Opportunities to ſatisfie his importunate Revenge. Nor needed he long to wait, for thoſe Occaſions are always at the Elbow of thoſe that dare adventure to attempt. And ſo it now hapn'd, for at that time, ſeveral *Eaſt-India* Ships, being newly return'd home, lay below a certain place call'd the *Pampus*, not being able to get over the Sands, till they had lighten'd themſelves by unloading ſome part of their Freight. To which purpoſe, ſeveral ſmall Veſſels of thirty and forty Tun apiece, were employ'd to carry the Goods ſo unladen up the River to *Amſterdam*; all which D. *Tomazo* and his Comrades with Teeth watring, and Fingers itching well obſerv'd. And therefore knowing their Condition to be deſperate, and that if their Courage did not put an

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end to their Miſery, their Neceſſity would ſoon ſend them for another World, for which they were not yet ready; they reſolv'd to play at Hazard and venter Neck or nothing. With which Reſolution, they made bold to borrow a ſmall Boat from *Amſterdam*, and to ſet ſail toward the *Pampus* upon the Tryal of their Fortune. By the way they met with a Veſſel of forty Tuns laden with *Indian* Goods, which in the height of their indigent Fury, they preſently took, though guarded by nine men, whom they made Priſoners. With this Prize, the three daring Adventurers ſail'd cloſe by the Ship from whence the Goods were taken, whoſe Company well knowing that was not the way to *Amſterdam*, let fly ſeveral Shot at *Don Tomazo*'s Prize, however all to no purpoſe, they had as good ha' thrown their Caps at it, for the Veſſel running right before the Wind, got preſently out of their Reach. But coming up with the Texel at the Mouth of the River, the Gunner of that Fort having obſerv'd the Shot which the

East-India Gyant had made at *Tomazo*'s Pigmee, ſent his Iron round *Robins* after him too, which made ſeveral Loop-holes in the Sails, and ſome few in the Hull of the Veſſel, but all to little or no effect, ſo that now being quite out of their Reach, and as they thought, out of Danger, they put boldly to Sea, and ſteer'd their Courſe directly for *Dunkirk*. But when Fortune has a mind to play her *Chriſtmas Gambols*, the Devil's in her, ſhe's as wanton as a Kitten; no body knows where to have her, ſometimes ſhe's as kind as an *Inn-keeper*'s Daughter, ſometimes as froppiſh as a Quakers wife; ſometimes as ſweet as a Whore in Drink, ſometimes as teſty as a looſing Gameſter. As for Example, you ſhall ſee how ſhe dealt hith poor *Don Tomazo*, before ſhe harbour'd him in his deſired Port. For no ſooner were he and his two Comrades with their Prize upon the wide Ocean making for *Dunkirk*, but they were kenn'd by a *Rotterdam* Man of War, whoſe Buſineſs it was, to cruiſe about and clear the Coaſt; who judging by their courſe

that

that they were no Friends of his, gave them Chaſe, and about an hour after, coming up with them, took the Veſſel. Upon his firſt Examination, he found the *Indian* Commodities; and upon a farther Search, the Skipper whom *Don Tomazo* had ſtow'd in a little hole in the Hold, who gave the Captain a full Accompt of the whole Tranſaction. Whereupon the Captain ſent away the Veſſel for *Rotterdam*, but kept *Don Tomazo* and his Aſſociates in Affliction on board his own Ship, which was to continue at Sea a Month longer, by Order from the *States General*. Thus much for *Don Tomazo*, whom Fortune had depriv'd of the Profit of all his fair Hazard and confin'd to an abſtemious poor-*John* Diet; Now you ſhall ſee how ſhe bob'd the Captain of the Man of War. For about a Week after, certain Privateers hap'ning to paſs the Channel, being three in number, the Captain made all his Sail, and coming up with one of their Prizes, retook her, and after that another, which the three Pickaroons obſerving, and well knowing their

ſtrength, for they had eight or ten Guns, and a hundred Men a piece, two of them reſolv'd to attacque the Man of War, while the other was ſent to retake their Prizes, which being reſolv'd, the *Dutch* Man of War was boarded, and after a ſmart Fight, compel'd to yield. The *Dutch* Captain thus bejaded, and his Ship ſecur'd, *Don Tomazo* appear'd in his Likeneſs, and gave the *French* an account of his Exploits, which ſo well pleas'd the Privateers, that they highly applauded him. But *Don Tomazo*, full of Revenge for the good Booty he had loſt, requeſted the Captains to ſpare him a little Money, and ſix men beſides his two Comrades; for that he was reſolv'd once more to try his Fortune upon the ſame Coaſt; which Requeſt of his was not only granted, but one of the *French* Captains, mainly pleas'd, both with *Don Tomazo* and his Propoſals, reſolv'd to make one of the Company, and for his ſecurity, took his Commiſſion with him, which was for both Land and Sea. By this time, the other Privateer,

teer, had retaken the two loſt Prizes, and ſo they all ſteer'd directly for *Dunkirk*, taking the Valiant Defender of his Country along with them, to feed upon the ſame Bread of Affliction which he had intended for *Don Tomazo*. So various are the Chances of whimſical War. At the ſame time, *D. Tomazo*, the Captain and his Crew, took a ſmall Boat, and made for the Land; and being got aſhore, parted Company, and went by couples directly to *Rotterdam*. Where, after they had continued four days, they found probability enough of good ſtore of Purchaſe, though not ſo rich as what *Tomazo* had already loſt. But the main Booty they had fix'd their Eyes upon, was a great Fly-boat, which lay in the Road before *Rotterdam*, but that day return'd from *Cadiz*, very richly Laden, having in her a Months Proviſion, twenty four Guns mounted, all her Sails furl'd to the Yard, and above half her Men gone aſhore. This Veſſel *Don Tomazo* and his Crew reſolv'd to attacque in the Night. And for the better

ter carrying on of their Enterpriſe, D. *Tomazo* with the Company, went to a Village call'd *Lyren Damm*, and ſet it a fire; to the end, that while the People were buſi'd for their own Security, they might with more freedom do their own Work. Which fell out very luckily; for the Fire had conſum'd ſix Houſes and four Ships. During which time, *D. Tomazo* and his Company had taken the Fly-boat from ſeventeen Men that guarded it. Who being ſecur'd without any Noiſe, they cut the Cables, and let the Veſſel drive with the Tide, before they loos'd ſo much as one Sail: till being almoſt out of ſight, they ſpread their Canvaſs Wings, and made all the way they could. So kindly does one Miſchief aſſiſt another.

Being now got below the *Brill*, they ſpi'd a very gay Pleaſure-Boat under Sail, and bound for *Rotterdam*. At the ſight of which they brought their Ship to an Anchor, man'd out their Long-boat, and Boarded the little Yacht with the uſual Fury that the hope

hope of Purchaſe inſpires, that they ſoon made themſelves Maſters of her, four great *Minheirs*, and their Wives, together with nine men more, and four Seamen. Theſe fine Folks had been taking their Pleaſure all the day before at Sea; but *Don Tomazo* and his Company got the Profit of their Voyage at Night, which conſiſted of ſeveral good Watches, Jewels, Necklaces of Pearl, and Chains of Gold, to a conſiderable Value. The Pleaſure-Boat they ſunk, and then carri'd all their Pris'ners aboard their great Veſſel, who being diſpos'd of, they weigh'd Anchor, and ſet Sail, till they were clear out at Sea. At what time, they put the *Minheirs* and their Company into the two Shallops, which they had made uſe of for the Conqueſt of their Prize, and ſent them home to bewail their Loſſes, having above a League to the Shore. While the *Minheirs* and their Wives were lamenting the ſowre Sawce to their ſweet Jollity, *Don Tomazo* and his Crew divided the Spoil, and being aſſiſted with a thumping Gale at *Nore*

Nore-

Nore-East, in a ſhort time arriv'd in *Oſtend* Road; where, being ſpi'd by a Privateer belonging to the Town, who gueſs'd her to be a Prize taken by the *French*, he gave her Chaſe, and in two Hours reach'd her. *Don Tomazo*, and the Captain his Comrade, would not fire ſo much as one Gun, till the *Oſtender* was come within half Shot; but then bringing four Guns double laden, to bear upon him all at a time, they ſo rak'd his Sides, that not liking his Entertainment, he ſprung his Luff, and lay by to repair his damages, while *Don Tomazo* kept on his Courſe, and in twelve or fourteen hours after, arrived ſafe in the *Splinter*.

The Arrival of *Don Tomazo* with this Prize, was more welcome to his owners, then Summer to the Swallow. Who, after they had highly careſs'd and entertain'd him, expos'd the Ship and Goods to Sale; and upon Receipt of their Money, gave *Don Tomazo* and his Fellow Captain 4600 *l.* for their Shares,

Shares, the Ship and Cargo being worth eight times as much, conſidering that there was found at the Bottom of the Veſſel, a great Cheſt, crouded with *Pieces of Eight*, not leſs worth then two thirds of the Purchaſe. *Don Tomazo* and the Captain thus contented and ſatisfi'd, generouſly rewarded the Seamen with 300 *l.* a man, and gave the Priſoners which they had brought along with them twenty Crowns a piece to bear their Expences home. Wherein they ſhew'd nineteen times more full Ounces of Charity, then the *Dutch* had ſhewn them before at *Harling*.

Don Tomazo being now at ſome leiſure, began to enquire after his beloved Friend *Don Pedro*; concerning whom he had this Account, That *Don Pedro* had been alſo put into another Prize, and that they fear'd he had undergone the ſame Misfortune which *Don Tomazo* had ſuffer'd upon the Coaſt of *Amelandt*. Soon after, *Don Tomazo* receiv'd a Letter from

Don

Don Pedro, that the Ship with which he had been intruſted, was caſt away: which Letter was writ, not for any Truth that it contain'd, but only for the cold Comfort and Satisfaction of the Owners. For indeed the Company had agreed with *Don Pedro*, to run the Ship to *Leith*, and there expoſe her to Sale. But the *Scots* being too cunning for them, laid up the Veſſel, and only gave *Don Pedro* and his Mates enough to bear their Charges to *Dunkirk*; ſo that upon their Return, they were forc'd to make good the Truth of *Don Pedro's* Letter, by affirming the Loſs of the Prize; which was too true to their Coſt.

The two *Dons* being thus reunited, and having drown'd in the Pleaſures of the land the Memory of their Salt-water Afflictions, and purg'd themſelves from the ſcorbutic Humours of hung Beef, and *Groynland* Fiſh, reſolv'd to try their Talents once more upon the *Terra Firma*. In Purſuit of which Reſoluti-

ſolution, away they went to the Duke of *Luxemburgh*'s Army then encamped not far from *Mons*. So ſoon as they came thither, upon their Addreſſes to the Duke, they were both admitted Voluntiers in his own Regiment of Foot, and ſoon after advanced, D. *Pedro* to be youngeſt Lieutenant, and *Don Tomazo* to be youngeſt Enſign in the ſame Regiment; the Duke not ſuſpecting in the leaſt, that one of theſe two was the Perſon that had put ſo many Furberies upon himſelf, and the Prince of *Conde* his Predeceſſor. About half a year had theſe two Dons enjoy'd their Commiſſions, at what time the *French* and *Dutch* Armies met at *Cenneff*, which occaſion'd a moſt terrible Fight, wherein to the unſpeakable Grief of *Don Tomazo*, *Don Pedro* was ſlain, and *Don Tomazo* himſelf taken Priſoner, and which was worſt of all, by a Party of Horſe, that belong'd to *Salazar* Governour

vernour of *Antwerp* Caſtle, of whom *Don Tomazo* had borrow'd the Money and Horſes in the Prince of *Orange*'s Name. Theſe needy *Spaniards* having uncas'd *Don Tomazo*, found in his Pockets ſeveral rough Draughts of *Antwerp*, *Mechlen*, *Ipre*, *Lovain*, *Gant*, and ſeveral other *Spaniſh* Garriſons; upon which they conjectur'd him to be a Spy, and ſo publickly declar'd him to be. The Noiſe of a Spy's being taken in time of Fight, and by his own men, made the old Count eagerly deſirous to ſee this ſame Thief of Intelligence; But no ſooner did *Don Tomazo* appear in his Sight, but the Cunning Governour at firſt View without Spectacles, knew him to be the Perſon that he had furniſh'd with the Money and Horſes, as already has been related. So that without any farther Examination, *Don Tomazo* was commited cloſe Priſoner to *Antwerp* Caſtle, and by the Counts Order, guarded

day

day and night by four Sentinels, to prevent any Discourse, or Conveyance of Letters. This severe Confinement lasted about four Months. In which time the Misfortunes of an *English* Gentleman had entred the Colledge of *Jesuits* at *Antwerp*, and was more particularly taken notice of by one Father *Worseley*, who was the only man among them that made it his business to gain Proselytes. He therefore, at the Instigation of his Zeal prevail'd with the Court, to discourse *Don Tomazo*: A request easily obtain'd by one of his Order and Function. When Father *Worseley* came to discourse *Don Tomazo* in *English*, Heavens, what a Refreshing it was to him! For he had not spoken to any Person whatever in ten Weeks before. Presently *Don Tomazo* besought the Old Father to take his Confession, (for *Don Tomazo* shrewdly guessing at the Occasion of his Charitable Visit, was resolvid to prevent him of the Trouble of a Conversion) which he did accordingly, and therein, as *Don Tomazo* had order'd it, had some sort of Informa-

tion of *Don Tomazo*'s Case. From thence forward, the Old Father lookt upon him as his Pupil, procur'd him a better Provision of Diet and Lodging, and came often to visit him, as well to confirm him in his Faith, as to fathom the Bottom of his Crime. And at length, the Father's good Opinion of his Penitent, mov'd him to so much Compassion, that having throughly sifted his Case, and understanding, that the Draughts which the *Spaniards* found in his Pockets, were the Effects of his Employment under the Prince of *Orange*, and that the Prince had been presented with all the Copies of them, he resolv'd to take a Journey to the Prince to know the Truth of the Matter, which he soon found to be real; and that the Prince was sorry for *Tomazo*'s Misfortune.

During these Negotiations of the Old Father, *Don Tomazo* was brought before a Court Marshal, convicted for a Spie, and sentenc'd to be shot to Death by two Files of Musqueteers; but upon *Don Tomazo*'s Application, he

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was allow'd five Days Time for him to prepare himself for another World, neither he knowing of the Father's Journey, nor the Father of his Condition. But it luckily fell out, that the Old Father return'd before two of the five Days were expir'd, and brought along with him a Letter from the Prince of *Orange*, to the Duke *de Villa Hermosa*, purporting the great desire he had that *Don Tomazo* should be discharg'd. But the Old Father, having all the Count's Revenge, and Interest at Court to deal with, found it hard to get the Prince's Letter allow'd: so that all he could obtain for the present, was a Reprieve for fourteen days longer. In that time the Father made another Journey to the Prince, and then return'd with two Letters, one to the Duke, and another to the Count, which gave them both such Satisfaction, that *Don Tomazo* was order'd to be discharg'd. But the Old Father desirous to try whether *Don Tomazo* were a true Son of the Church or no, kept him still in ignorance of his Proceedings; and

ſtill admoniſh'd him to prepare for Death, as *Don Tomazo* did according to all the ceremonies of the *Romiſh* Church, as being indifferent to him ſince he muſt die of what Religion he died. So that now the time prefixt being quite expir'd, *Tomazo* was brought to the Tree, bound faſt, the Souldiers in his ſight ready preſented, the Old Man on his Right Hand, the few Ejaculations he had were ſpent, and he ready to give the Sign, when the Old Father ſeeing the Conſtancy of his devout Son, unbound him, and with Tears embrac'd him (an odd kind of Ambition in thoſe People to heighten the Merits of their Obligations) crying out, *My Son, thou ſhalt not die, for God has intended thee for ſome good and Pious Work.*

Don Tomazo thus diſcharg'd was taken by the old Father to the Jeſuits Colledge, where the Members of the Order, rais'd him a Collection of thirty ſeven pound, which put him into an Equipage to return to the *French* Army; where he was no ſooner arrived,

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but he was inform'd by an *Engliſh* Souldier, that *Don Pedro* was ſlain, that all their Equipage and Money was ſeiz'd, for that the Duke of *Luxemburgh* had underſtood, as indeed their Papers demonſtrated no leſs, that his Lieutenant and Enſign, had been both Spies for the Prince of *Orange*. It was a hard caſe for a man to loſe all the Treaſure and ſweet Booty, for which he had ſo often ventur'd his Life; but *Don Tomazo* rather choſe to abandon all, then ſtand to the Mercy of the Duke of *Luxemburgh*; and ſo with a heavy and diſconſolate Heart, he took his way for *Calice*, from thence he croſs'd over to *Dover*, and ſo came directly to *London*.

Being come to *London*, his firſt Endeavour was to find out an Aſſociate fit for his Turn, of which he could not well miſs among ſo much Variety. So that having leagu'd himſelf with one (as he thought) according to his heart's deſire, and rais'd a ſmall Sum of Money, they two fell to the Old Trade of Counterfeiting Gold. So that in a ſhort

time, they had made and utter'd a conſiderable quantity, preſuming to viſit ſeveral Parts wherein *Don Tomazo* had been before. Which bold Attempt prov'd very unſucceſsful. For having diſpers'd ſeveral of their Illegitimate Guineys in *Wiltſhire*, *Dorſet* and *Hampſhire*, they were purſu'd and taken in *Dorſetſhire*, and both upon Information, committed to *Dorcheſter* Priſon.

Some time after, *Don Tomazo* was remov'd to *Sarum*, there to be try'd according to the Law for his Offences committed in thoſe Parts. A thing that could not be avoided; ſo that he was convicted, and ſuffer'd the penalty of his Sentence: and which added to his Affliction, he had no fair Proſpect of his Releaſe, as not having wherewithal to ſatisfie the irreſiſtable Demands of the Jaylor. But Fortune, ſometimes his Friend, as well as ſometimes his Foe, ſoon found out a way to bring him out of this Labyrinth. For in a ſhort time after, one of the tender Sex, among whom he had always a Friend in a

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Corner, came and made him a viſit ſo full handed, that *Don Tomazo* ſoon purchas'd the Liberty of his Heels. Which being obtain'd, away he comes for *London*; where he firſt ſought out, and ſoon found a Companion. For Iniquity ſeldom proſpers without Confederacy. This Companion of his lent him his helping hand to the Old Profeſſion; for they knew that the readieſt way to have Money, was to make it themſelves. And therefore, after they had ſtor'd themſelves with a ſufficient parcel of their own Manufacture, and were able to ſet up for themſelves, away they gallop to *Newmarket*, where it was their courſe to bett high, but never both of the ſame ſide. So that if the one loſt, the other was ſure to win: and the Gains of the one, eaſily made good the others Loſſes: for the loſs of near a hundred Guineys of *Don Tomazo's* quaint ſort of Metal, did not amount to above Seven pound. This Trade continu'd for ſome time with good Succeſs; there being hardly a Horſe-race, or a Cock-match that eſ-

cap'd the two Guiney-merchants. But that trade failing at length, *D. Tom.* and his Companion turn'd Graziers, and frequenting the Fairs and Markets up and down the Country, bought several Droves of Cattel with their unlawful Coin; for which, when they had driven them off to another place, they soon found Chapmen, as being Persons that could easily afford good Peniworths. But the Cries of the Country Farmers began to be so loud, when they found what a bad Exchange they had made, that *Don Tomazo* and his Companion not able to endure the Noise, were forc'd, after a Trade of four Months continuance, to quit a Calling so prejudicial to all the Landlords and Tenants in the Country. So true is the Proverb, *That nothing violent is of long Continuance.*

Thus, no where safe, and continually lying under the Curse of wasting perpetually what was ill got, the two Knights of the Order of Industry, resolv'd to take their Pleasure at Sea. To which purpose they bought them

a Veſſel of about Forty Tuns, and having man'd her with perſons fit for their purpoſe, they lay perdue, ſometimes in the River's Mouth, ſometimes in the Chanel, to meet with Merchants Veſſels that were homeward bound. Out of which, D*on Tomazo* and his Friend bought ſeveral good Peniworths of the Seamen with their counterfeit Gold, till they had almoſt loaded their Veſſel. Which done, away they made for ſome convenient Port, and expos'd their Goods to Sale for good Money. This was a way leſs hazardous, but very expenſive, and therefore not anſwering expectation, was ſoon laid aſide.

The Sea Trade failing for this reaſon, and the two Merchants near broke, D. *Tomazo* and his Comrade parted, after which D. *Tomazo* taking a Journey into *Berkſhire*, to ſow his Yellow Grain in that Soyle, was apprehended, and committed to Priſon for endeavouring to enrich that County with his pretious Wealth. There he was kept half a year in Durance, and ſorely threatn'd

to

to be ſent to Heaven in a String; but not liking that way of travelling to Bliſs, he ſo order'd his Affairs, that he was diſcharg'd without any Tryal, though cruelly grip'd with the pangs of Poverty. For when the Priſon Doors were open'd to him, all his Revenue was but three ſhillings. But Induſtry ſoon increaſt it. For out of that ſmall Sum, one being a Mill'd ſhilling, he preſently made a Counterfeit Guiney, and paſt it off with a *Certiorari* for good. Which fruitful Return, ſoon produc'd a new Recruit; ſo that in a ſhort time, he ſaw himſelf the Father of two goodly Twins, or Bags of a hundred pound a piece, begot by his own labour. This round Sum warm'd his Invention, and put him in an Equipage to go on with a New Project. In order to which, away he returns for *London*, hires ſeveral Servants fit for his purpoſe, according to the method of *Trim-tram*, and takes at leaſt fourteen or fifteen Lodgings of good Note in the City. Which Lodgings were generally near the Shop-keepers,

or

or the Merchant that was to ſuffer under his Contrivance. Theſe Boroughs of his, he would viſit ſeveral times in a day, lying ſometimes at one and ſometimes at another, till he had lain a night a piece in each; which being, as he thought, long enough, he began his Frolick as follows.

Don Tomazo ſtaid in his Lodging, and ſent a Servant, as it might be, croſs the way to a Goldſmith, to bring him ſuch and ſuch Parcels of Rings and Jewels of ſuch a ſort to ſhew them his Maſter. Preſently either the Goldſmith or his Man came along with the Servant in hopes of ſome great Cuſtomer. But when *Don Tomazo* had fix'd upon ſuch Jewels and Rings which he ſeem'd to like beſt, and agree'd upon the Price, the Goldſmith having left the main Purchaſe with *Don Tomazo*, was deſir'd to walk up another pair of Stairs with his Servant, if the Houſe admitted of ſuch a Conveniency, there to receive his Money. But no ſooner was the Goldſmith in the Trap, but the Servant, who you may be ſure was

a special Trout, lock'd the Door upon the poor Mouse, and presently both Master and Man slipt away together. At another place, having bought another parcel of the same Commodities at the same Rate, he would send his Servant with the owner of the Goods to some Cashier or Banker of Note, to be there paid for his costly Ware, and while his Trusty Servant and the Goldsmith were trotting to the Receipt of of Custom, away tript D. *Tomazo* to another Lodging, leaving his Servant to make his Escape and shift for himself as well as he could. And of such an Exploit as this, a certain Goldsmith in *Lumbard Street* had the Misfortune to have the woful Experience to the loss of 275 *l.* 17 *s.* 6 *d.* Now you are to understand, that when D. *Tomazo* had once begun his Diabolical Progress, he us'd all the Expedition imaginable in his dispatches, and removals from place to place, in regard it behov'd him never to leave off till he had made an effectual Visit at all his particular Abodes: which was done to all Intents and

and Purposes in the space of nine hours, by which he got more then the best Day-labourer that works at *Pauls*: the reward of those few Hours pains, amounting to no less then 1625 *l*. For he look'd upon it as a Calling too mean for one of his Quality to make Childrens Shoes.

But this Trick made too great a noise to be plaid over again. So that *Don Tomazo* was resolv'd to knock off, and live for some time upon the Spoil. In order whereunto, like an honest Master, he first discharg'd all his Servants, to whom he gave 35 *l*. a piece, which amounted to 525 *l*. there being fifteen in all; and then retir'd into the Countrey. But neither could he there rest long; for though he went under the most absolute disguise imaginable, yet it would so happen, that some or other still knew him. So that in short, by removing from place to place, and living at the rate of a Lord, his noble Sum in two years, was reduc'd to an hundred and fifty pound, with which D. *Tomazo* set forward again for *London*,

don, the only Stage proper for a *Guſman*, to act his parts upon, in order to the projecting ſome new Enterprize. But no ſooner was he come to Town, but a Gentleman of *Worceſterſhire*, with whom D. *Tomazo* had been traffiquing by way of Exchange, to the value of 170 *l.* met him in the Street, and began to make a Noiſe, which D. *Tomazo* finding no way convenient for his Intereſt, whiſper'd the Gentleman in the Ear. Which gentle motion of *Don Tomazo's* Lips, having conveigh'd to his irritated Senſes, a ſhort promiſe of Satisfaction, ſtopt the violent motion of the Gentleman's Tongue. Thereupon away they went to the Tavern, where *Don Tomazo* would fain have been rid of his troubleſome Companion; but he ſtuck ſo cloſe to him, and kept him ſo charily within the reach of his Eye, that *Don Tomazo*, to his unſpeakable Grief, was forc'd to come to Compoſition, and to pay the Gentleman 120 *l.* This forc'd Putt of Moral Satisfaction brought *Don Tomazo* very low. Hating therefore that Want

ſhould

ſhould be his Maſter, he reſolv'd to have one ſtroak more with his Hammer, and ſo fell to the old Trade of Coining. Which work, by the help of two more Aſſiſtants, being compleated, and a good ſtock of Pieces being made, they had laid their Deſign to take a Ramble into *Eſſex* to diſpoſe of their Gold, that made others poor and themſelves rich. Being upon their Journey, they took *Hackney* in their way, where one of the Sparks, having his Pockets full of Gold, would needs have the World to take notice of it; and to that end, at a place where he and his Companions had call'd to drink a Bottle of Wine, pull'd out his Gold by handfuls, and exchang'd one of his counterfeit *Guineys* to pay the Reckoning. The King's Picture dazl'd the Vintner's Eyes at firſt; but they were no ſooner gone, but, happily for *Eſſex*, the Cheat was diſcover'd, which put the whole Town upon a ſwift purſuit, and ſuch a one as prov'd indeed ſo very ſwift, that the whole knot of Money-changers was quite unti'd, all of them taken and carri'd over the Fields to a Juſtice of the Peace. By which means *D. Tomazo* took the advantage to diſpoſe of his *Guineys* in the long graſs. Nevertheleſs, that poor ſhift would not do, *Don Tomazo* was ſent to *Newgate* for Company, try'd at the *Old Baily* for Company, and fin'd 50 *l.* for Company, and ſo was remanded to *Newgate* for Company, where he lay a whole year, not able to pay his Fine; and at length obtain'd His Majeſties Moſt Gracious Pardon, by which he was diſcharg'd.

Having this ill luck in Company, he fell to the old

old Trade alone, with the assistance only of one Servant. But whether Fortune had taken a peek a-gaid Coiners, or whether *Mercury* were turn'd honest, and had dispos'd of his Influencies another way, so it hapn'd, that *D. Tomazo* having sent his Boy to the Silver Market one Evening in the shape of a Vintner's Servant, to exchange some few counterfeit Guineys, the raw Messenger was taken, carri'd before a Magistrate, examin'd, and upon his Examination discover'd his Master. Whereupon *D. Tomazo* was as soon apprehended, and sent to wait upon his Man to *Newgate*. 'Twas an ill jobb for one Misfortune so soon to fall upon the neck of one another; But there was no avoiding these home-thrusts of Fate. And therefore *D. Tomazo*, to make the best of a bad Market, made all his Applications to his Servant, and so far prevail'd upon his good Nature, to recant his Charge against his Master, and take the whole business upon himself; which he did, with that exactness and fidelity, that *D. Tomazo* being try'd first, was acquitted. But being forc'd to lie a good while before he could purchase his Liberty, as being charg'd with Actions to a great value; then it was that Mrs. *Cellier*, having heard of *D. Tomazo*'s Fame, and believing him brisk for her turn, gave him her first Visits, which produc'd those Transactions between them, that have lately made so great a Noise in the World. For an account whereof, the Reader is refer'd to the Narratives themselves.

FINIS.